THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2360. Single Number 5 Cents.

UNRECONCILED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

Old friend, true friend! a thousand leagues apart,
Walk we at last, who walked together long:
I with my quiet life, and vexed, unquiet heart;
Thou with thy shattered dreams, and sudden sense of wrong.

A thousand leagues—ay, and a thousand more!
No reckoning, no measurement, nor line,
No stretch of countless miles on any sea or shore,
Can span the desert breadth between thy life and mine.

It is not that thy home is where the hills
Wear on their shining slopes a flush of spring;
Where the young cresses edge the May-day's leaping rills,
And 'round the valley homes the robins nest and sing;

While mine is where the summer's fiercest beam
Burns hot across the river and the plain;
Where snowy sails all day along the waters gleam;
Where all day sweeps the breeze o'er miles of yellowing grain.

It is not that the blue sea's boundlessness
Hath rolled between, and swept me from mine own.
It was a blacker surge, more wild and pitiless,
That flung me wrecked on this strange, tropic shore alone.

For thee to-day the pines' low music moans,
The maples weave their lyrics on the hills.
Faint on my hearing float the thousand blended tones
Of tropic trees and birds, whose song the distance fills.

Day after day thine ever-restless feet
Tread the old paths where mine are hushed for aye.
I make new footprints down one quiet, crumbling street,
At war with all its hush, and with my destiny.

Severed so wide by mount, and wave, and plain,
And by a sea whose waste no chart can show!
Oh, my old darling! we have worn many a chain;
But of *dividing* chains how could Love dream or know?

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE JOURNEY IN IRONS.

It were vain for me to attempt to describe my feelings in that awful moment when I sunk prostrate beneath the most terrible blow of my life. I had never looked for anything so dreadful as this since the moment of receiving my parole and finding myself in the hands of friends and Samaritans, and previously I had been too weak and ill to consider the chances of my fate with that clear understanding which makes anticipation as fearful as reality. At the moment of bidding adieu to my companions, and being left a wounded prisoner, at the mercy of my enemies, I had felt as one consigned to death; but my feeble state, my physical sufferings, and the uncertainty of life, had served to dull the acute sense of parting and desolation; a subsequent period of unconsciousness had come to my relief; while a return to life had brought with it a feeling of security, which had in turn been followed by release, by hope, and by comparative happiness. True, I had since then experienced the unpleasant sensation of being chained by silken fetters, and of knowing that a province was my prison; but I had lived in hope, from day to day, of finding my bonds cut while I slept, and my freedom on waking as boundless as the world; and I had seldom contemplated aught more serious than remaining in my luxurious home, among the kindest friends, a prisoner on parole. But now—how terrible was it now—(just at the moment, too, when I believed I was on my way to the rescue of the idol of my heart, with ardent fancy painting the happy meeting in the brightest colors of hope)—to be told in effect that never should I behold her bright, sweet face again; but that henceforth my days were to be groaned out in misery, beyond the reach of friends, in the dark, damp vaults and degrading chains of a prison-dungeon! It was the awful fulfillment of my last night's vision—the sweeping away of the flowery heaven where I had wandered with my beloved, to be henceforth consigned to darkness, to chains, and to death! It was indeed terrible! terrible! and if I groaned aloud at the thought, it only showed that I was human and could think.

We evidently had the kind sympathy of the Commandant, and I think he would gladly have released us; but there was no alternative—no middle course for him; his duty compelled him to obey to the letter the harsh orders of his superiors.

After a few moments of silence, during which he more than once turned away his head, the General resumed, in a feeling tone:

"It pains me to add, Senores, that you will have to be sent out of my province in irons."

"My God! what cruelty and degradation!" exclaimed Maitland: "could we not have been spared this? Why, if we were the vilest criminals, like Romanillo and Basano, instead of honorable prisoners of war, our treatment could scarcely be worse!"

"The order does not come from me, Senor, and as an inferior I have only to obey," replied the Commandant.

"No blame rests on your Excellency," said I; "you have been very kind to us—kinder perhaps than we deserved—and whatever may be our fate, rest assured, noble sir, that while our now miserable lives are spared to us, we shall always remember you with feelings of the deepest gratitude. But my friends, your Excellency—what of them? I humbly trust you will not abandon them to the outlaws! for they at least are good and loyal citizens, and 'void of offence against the State.'"

"Nay, Senor, be assured that the expedition, which I had intended you to join, shall march to-night; and it shall be my earnest endeavor to restore your friends to liberty; to this I pledge the honor of a gentleman and a soldier!"

"I humbly thank your Excellency!" I replied; "and if I could only be assured of the safety of *all*, it would tend to lighten in no inconsiderable degree the weight of misery which now presses upon my heart."

"I will further make it my care, Senor, to send you a message ere long, assuring you, I trust, of their safety and freedom."

"Ah, God bless your Excellency! if you will only do this, I shall be tenfold your debtor; and while I live, I will never cease to pray for your prosperity and happiness!"

"I will do more, Senores—I will never cease to use what little influence I may possess to procure your pardon; and perhaps, after the present intense excitement, caused by this invasion of Mina, shall have died away, I may be successful. Who knows? May Our Lady of Guadalupe, and all holy saints, aid us to justice, and temper our hearts with mercy! And now, Senores, as my time is limited, I must beg to take my leave of you, hoping your gloomy forebodings may surpass the realities, and that if we ever meet again, it will be on equal ground, with happiness in the hearts of all!"

"One word, your Excellency!" said I, hurriedly: "I trust you will graciously grant us the privilege of again seeing our noble friend and benefactor, Don Luis de La Cava, ere we depart?"

"It deeply grieves me to deny you this natural and reasonable request, Senores; but my orders are imperative, to arrest and put you under a strong guard immediately, and allow you no communication with any one afterward except myself."

"Then God help us! since it appears we are singled out as victims of Spanish cruelty and injustice!" returned I, bitterly and indiscreetly.

I had scarcely uttered these words, when I would have given a year of my life to have had them recalled. I saw I had wounded the feelings of the Commandant; for his face flushed, his brow contracted, and his lips compressed. I made an effort to stammer out some apology for words so unguardedly spoken, but it was too late. Drawing himself up with a cold, dignified air, he made us a polite but formal bow, and with a chilling "Adios, Senores," he turned on his heel and disappeared.

Alas! what had I done! and my thoughts reverted to poor Benita, whose fate was in the hands of the man I had unintentionally insulted. Would my unguarded remarks in any manner affect her? Surely the humane Commandant would not suffer his conduct toward poor innocent captives to be influenced by feelings of petty malice, excited by an expression drawn from a man in the depths of mental suffering! Yet I did not know—human passions sometimes take a strange turn—and if I had spoken to the injury of Benita, I could have wished my tongue withered ere the sentence had been uttered. I turned to Maitland for some consoling word; but he was so depressed, that he only answered me with a deep sigh; and for a few minutes I was left to the agony of self-accusation and gloomy speculation.

But my reverie was not long, and was broken in a manner calculated to draw my thoughts into a different channel—the interruption being no other than the appearance of a hang-dog looking fellow, with some heavy iron chains, with weights attached, which he proceeded to fasten around my ankles. I made no resistance, and asked no questions; and a group of officers, who gathered around, looked on in silence, or exchanged only a few words among themselves in whispers. Having finished his work upon my ankles, the man of chains deliberately proceeded to manacle my hands; and this being completed to his satisfaction, he left me, with a grim smile, and began the same series of operations upon Maitland.

"You will follow me!" said an officer, tapping me on the shoulder; and I was led out by another door, through a narrow entry, into a kind of court-yard, my chains clanking at every step, and the weights impeding my progress and causing me to move slowly and with difficulty and caution.

In this court-yard stood some twenty horses, saddled and bridled, with a soldier at the head of each. On one of these I was assisted to mount; and then the officer very kindly strapped up the weights, so that they would not draw upon my limbs. He then left me, and soon returned with Maitland, whom he mounted in the same manner, though at a little distance from me. After this, Hardy and Wilcox were led out separately and each placed on his horse. Then the order was given for the dragoons to mount and take position, and then came the word to march. The officer in command rode at the head of his troop; then came two troopers, followed by myself, with a man to my right and left; then two more troopers, followed by Maitland, guarded in the same careful manner; and so on through the file, each separated from his companions, and a sergeant bringing up the rear. Thus by twos and threes we debouched into the Great Plaza, and in less than half-an-hour were leaving San Luis Potosi by the gate which opened upon the eastern highway to Tula and Santa Barbara.

It is not my intention to give anything like a detail of our gloomy progress and awful sufferings on our long march to the city of Vera Cruz; but a few brief facts I will chronicle, that the reader may form some idea of the cruelties which the Spanish Government saw proper to inflict upon the poor prisoners who had fallen into their hands. So long as we remained in the province of San Luis Potosi, we had no reason to complain of the treatment we received from our guard, who were as kind and considerate as was consistent with the harsh orders which the *Comandante General* had received from head-quarters. We were heavily ironed and closely guarded, it is true; but our marches were not fatiguing; and at night we were always comfortably quartered, received good rations, and were universally treated with sympathy and respect.

But no sooner had we crossed the line into the province of Tamaulipas, and been consigned to the charge of another escort, than we began to experience our loss in the change in a painful degree. Our iron weights were no longer strapped up, but allowed to dangle beneath the girths of our horses, with a dead strain upon our limbs, the iron rings chafing the flesh to running sores. In vain we begged for some melioration of these sufferings. Our prayers were treated with silence, or with jeers and disdain, and sometimes with blows; and we were often told, with bitter curses, that our punishment was much too light for heretics, rebels, and robbers.

Our marches too were now extended to the last degree which human nature could endure—from the first faint streak of light, through all the oppressive heats of the day, and sometimes for hours into the night. Water was often denied us, even when our throats were parched with thirst, and our lips cracked and tongues swollen from the same cause; and our food was of the meanest and most loathsome description, and just sufficiently supplied to keep us from absolute starvation. Into nearly every place we entered, we were objects of curiosity and insult, but seldom of pity; and at night we were generally confined in some small, dark, filthy room, without ventilation, and with nothing to lie upon but the damp ground, or a hard floor, without even so much as the litter which is usually thrown under a beast.

Is it any wonder then that we became thin, emaciated, and sickly? that our persons became filthy in the extreme? that our clothes grew soiled and ragged? and that, with our unwashed and unshaven faces, we looked more like common vagabonds than intelligent Christian citizens who had been accustomed to refined society? No! the wonder rather is, that we lived to see our journey's end.

Cruelty! cruelty! nothing but cruelty—for days and for weeks—and sufferings that I would not care to chronicle even if the space allotted to my narrative were not required for other matters! Three several times, overcome by weakness, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, I fainted in my saddle; but the only care I each time received, was the binding of myself to my horse, so that I could not fall to the ground.

And thus our march continued, with aggravation rather than melioration; till at last, more dead than alive, we reached the City of the True Cross, and found ourselves incarcerated, among several of our unfortunate companions, within the gloomy dungeons of the far-famed Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, over whose massive gates might appropriately be written:

"Who enters here leaves hope behind!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DUNGEON OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.

A year in a dark, damp, filthy, malarious dungeon! and in chains! Oh! what terrible, heart-sickening realities are vividly recalled by that single sentence, which I have penned with a nervous shudder and a tremulous hand! That year to me was an age of misery and horror! I could not describe it if I would—I would not if I could. And yet some mention of our condition may not be amiss, to show in some degree the daily sufferings of myself and companions, and also the barbarous cruelty of a nation which professed to be governed by the holy religion of Jesus Christ.

No where in the world were the outward forms of religion more strictly observed than they were, at the time of which I write, in Mexico and Spain; and no where on our great globe—I will not even except the savages of the wilderness—were there more cruel, inhuman, bloody and fiendish deeds perpetrated, than were then and there enacted within the sound of the bells which summoned the actors to call on God and the saints for the mercy they denied to their fellows!

So far as my brief history goes, I claim to give a true picture of Spanish hospitality and Spanish cruelty; and as I have shown my warmest and kindest friends to be among the natives and descendants of Spain, so nothing of exaggerated malice on my part must be attributed to my presentation of the reverse side of the medal.

The dungeon into which my companions and self were thrust, beneath the massive walls of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was, at the time of our incarceration, occupied by ten other prisoners, a remnant of the gallant few who had garrisoned the fort erected on the Santander, just below the town of Soto la Marina. They had fought with a heroism worthy of a noble fate, and had defended their fortress for several days against overwhelming odds and the treachery of one of their companions, who, early in the attack, had deserted to the enemy, and not only betrayed their strength, but directed the battering guns upon their weakest point; and when at last they had been reduced to thirty-five, all told, they had refused to surrender at discretion, and only upon the most honorable and liberal terms, which terms had been granted. How these terms had been kept by their enemies, their incarceration here and elsewhere was a proof. For several days they had enjoyed freedom; and then, like ourselves, had been suddenly arrested and imprisoned in irons. Fourteen had been dispatched to Vera Cruz—four of whom had already found rest in death—and the remainder of the brave little band were supposed to be either dead or groaning out a miserable existence in the filthy prisons of Altamira and Tampico.

The dungeon in which we were all now confined—chained in pairs, manacled, and with heavy weights attached to our legs—was situated some fourteen feet below the level of the ground, and directly under one of the arches of the castle. It was damp and dark, for the bottom was below high tide, and the only light and ventilation came through a small grating in the ceiling. The water from the sea, which washed the island, would ooze in twice in twenty-four hours, to the depth of from one to four inches; and through crevices thus opened, small crabs found their way into our living tomb, and were eagerly caught and devoured by the hungry occupants. Our daily allowance of food, furnished by our inhuman captors, never exceeded four ounces of bread, three of rice, and three of beans, to a man; and sometimes this was curtailed; and always cooked in so disgusting a manner, that only starvation could compel us to swallow it. We had no beds to lie on—only the muddy sea-washed ground—and we only slept when compelled by over-wearied nature.

In this condition, half starved, roiled in filth, with only damp, malarious air to breathe—with not a single night of calm and healthful slumber—is it any wonder we grew sick and pined away to skeletons? Nay, rather is it not a wonder that any one lived to tell the tale? And then what a place to be sick in! No bed, no medicine, no nourishing food, and chained to a companion, so that neither could move without, the other! It was painful for the sick one to be continually disturbed by his less feeble yokefellow; and it was terrible for one in comparative health, to be obliged to remain quiet and passive by the side of one dying of a loathsome disease!

Can I convey a more forcible idea of our horrible den, than to say that, on more than one occasion, a sentinel fainted away on opening the door of our dungeon and inhaling the pestilential effluvia?

Often, when some poor fellow would be taken sick, his companion would beg to be released from him; but his prayers were seldom heeded by the monsters who took delight in our torture, till death had kindly ended the sufferings of one. The dark, livelong night would generally be filled with groans of misery and despair; and one morning we found Wilcox and Hardy both dead in their chains.

After this there came an order from the Governor, to have the sick removed to a hospital, but under no circumstances to strike off the fetters of a single soul while living.

One poor fellow, whose legs had become so lacerated by his irons that the flesh and muscles were ulcerated to the bone, and both limbs turned into a mass of corruption—and whose continual shrieks, and groans, and prayers for release, were heart-rending in the extreme, and might have moved savages to pity—was at last conveyed to the hospital; but to the petition sent to Don Juan Evia, the Governor, praying that his irons might be removed, this cruel and inhuman answer was returned on the margin of the memorial:

"*Que los lleva, mientras respira!*" "While he breathes, he shall wear them!"*

Such then was the situation and condition of poor Maitland and myself, for one, long, terrible year—an eternity of torture!

Fortunately—though reduced almost to skeletons, and suffering pains and miseries which no pen can adequately describe—we retained what, by way of comparison, might be termed health—for we were able to totter about from one point to another of our awful abode.

And to make our situation still more terrible, we heard nothing from the great world without, and were totally deprived of hope. The Commandant of San Luis Potosi had promised to send me word of the safety of poor Benita; but as days, and weeks, and months passed away, and none came, I was led to believe that she had perished, or had never been rescued; and that all who had at one time seemed our friends, had forgotten us in the bright, gay whirl of an easy, prosperous, happy life.

One night, as we sat crouched in a corner—our feet half buried in the tide, which was just beginning to ebb—listening to the shrieks and groans of a poor fellow who had just been seized with violent, convulsive cramps, Maitland exclaimed:

"This is too much for human nature to endure! Ned, do you fear death?"

"On the contrary, Curry," I replied, "I would welcome it as Heaven's best boon!"

"Then let us end our misery, and trust in God to have mercy on our poor souls!"

"What!" returned I; "die by our own hands?"

"Yes, even so, Laurens; and God, who knows the cause of the deed, will surely forgive us."

"No, no, Maitland!" cried I, in alarm; "do not harbor such a thought for a moment! it is a wicked temptation!"

"Then you are afraid to die?" he coldly rejoined.

"No, not afraid to die—God knows how gladly I would welcome death at this moment!—but I conscientiously believe I have no more right to take my own life than I have to take yours; and I believe, too, the deed would not only be wicked, but cowardly."

"I do not think so, Ned; and for one, I am resolved to set my spirit free!"

"And how will you accomplish it?"

"Twist this chain around my neck—or dash my brains out against this wall!"

"And never see Corina more?"

"Oh, do not mention her sweet name! the thought of her, in her fairy home, drives me to madness! Oh, why did I leave her? why did I leave her?"

"And now you would leave her forever?"

"No, not forever—we shall meet again, beyond the miseries of time; but not on earth—no, not on earth—never! never!"

"Do not despair, Maitland! Who knows but we shall both yet see happy days?"

"You know, Ned, and I know! You only suggest such a thing from your lips—for in your heart you have no hope!"

"But it may happen, Curry, even though I have no hope."

"Alas! no—we are doomed—our cruel enemies will never relent—and our friends have long since abandoned, if not forgotten, us. I must die! I am determined to die! I cannot live on in such misery! Oh, my God! just listen to that poor fellow! his cries are enough to melt the heart of a stone! He will soon follow those who have gone before him, and then, if living, I shall envy him. Of the fourteen that we numbered when we entered this hell, nine only remain. Death is certain for all of us—it is only a matter of time—and if we hasten that time, I know God will forgive us."

"No, no, Curry—I will not consent to the awful deed you name—at least not yet. Let us live on for a time, and try to raise our spirits with hope! We can still die—that alternative will still be left us."

"Not another hour for me!" returned my friend, in a calm, determined tone, that gave me not a little alarm. "I have duly pondered, weighed, and considered everything; and I have firmly resolved to die to-night—I have vowed that my next sleep shall be my last."

"Indeed it shall not!" I rejoined. "So long as you are chained to me, you shall not take your life!"

"Ah! say you so?" he returned, almost fiercely. "We shall see! Would to Heaven I had a knife! I would take *two* lives instead of one!"

"And prove yourself a cowardly murderer!" sneered I, hoping thus to rouse his pride and save him from himself.

I need not recount all that occurred on that eventful night. Suffice it to say, that it was the most horrible of all the horrible ones I spent in that loathsome dungeon. Arguments, expostulations, entreaties, prayers, were of no avail with my poor, half demented friend; and I had

* The author would take this occasion to state to the reader, that in the main this whole narrative is strictly *historical*, and all the principal events connected with General Mina and his brave little band, are simply *facts* without embellishment.

to resort to force, to keep him from strangling himself with his chains, or dashing his head against the slimy stones of the wall. I slept not a moment through all the long, gloomy hours, and the dull gray of morning found me so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely stand.

It was now my intention, as soon as the keeper should make his accustomed visit, to inform him of the design of my friend, in the hope that he would take some measures to prevent the horrible deed; but I did not tell Maitland this, for fear it would excite him to renewed efforts to end his life at once. He now seemed greatly exhausted, and proposed that we should lie down together and endeavor to get a little sleep.

"If you will pledge your sacred honor, that you will not again attempt your life, I will—otherwise not!" I replied.

"I pledge my sacred honor, Laurens, that I will not attempt it again to-day!"

We accordingly selected the dryest spot we could find, and had just fairly camped down, when we heard the rattling of bolts and chains at the door of our dungeon, and supposed it to be some person sent to remove to the hospital the poor fellow whose cries and groans had made night hideous, and which must have reached the ear of the sentry without. We were therefore not a little surprised to perceive an officer of some rank appear with the warden at the open door, and hear him call out, in a loud, sharp tone, the names of Edmund Laurens and Carry Maitland.

"Here!" cried we both, starting up together, with wonder, hope, fear and doubt all commingled in one terrible whirl.

"Follow me!" said the officer in reply to our answer.

We moved forward as quickly as we could, our hearts beating tumultuously. Were we advancing to liberty or death? Heavens! how our poor brains reeled at the thought! At all events, we were leaving our prison; and any change must be for the better, even death itself. The other poor fellows all started eagerly forward—all except the sick one and his companion—each calling out his own name, and asking in piteous tones if he was not to go also.

"Here, guard! drive back the dogs!" said the officer, savagely; and half-a-dozen soldiers, with fixed bayonets, sprung into the dungeon, and forced back the poor fellows, allowing only Maitland and myself to pass; and as soon as we had fairly hobbled outside the massive door, the soldiers followed us; and then the rattling of bolts and chains, as they closed up the dungeon, must have fallen with more than a death-knell sound upon the poor victims still buried in their living tomb.

"This way, Senores!" said the officer, as he advanced along a narrow passage, and up a flight of narrow, damp and mildewed stairs; and we struggled after him with all our might, our heavy chains clanking dismally at every step.

What did it—what could it mean? He had addressed us too as gentlemen! and though not in a very gentlemanly tone, yet in one far less harsh than he had used toward the poor victims left behind. Was it possible we were about to obtain our liberty, after suffering more than a thousand deaths? We did not speak—we dared not give voice to hope—but we breathed hard and quick, with excitement and exertion, as we struggled up the slimy steps to the world of light and life above.

On reaching the top of the stairs, we were conducted along a gloomy corridor to a door that opened into a kind of smithery; and on entering here, the officer said to a large, grim-looking fellow, with black, bushy hair and whiskers:

"Hero, Pedro—strike off these irons! and be quick!"

The smith set to work hurriedly, and in less than five minutes we were freed of our iron marks of degradation. We watched every movement with eager, straining eyes; we listened to every sound; we glared at each other; our pulses were accelerated; our hearts beat almost audibly; our breathings grew quick, almost to panting: and yet our lips moved not; we asked no questions; we spoke no word; and we half believed we were the sport of some dream, which would speedily dissolve, and again leave us in our dungeon, in misery and in chains.

"Please follow me, Senores!" said the officer, as soon as we were free; and we mechanically arose and followed him.

We felt very light—as if we were treading on air—and it was so very strange to move without those heavy, clanking irons! What could it mean? Were we awake or asleep?

"If asleep, oh God! may we never wake again!" was my mental prayer.

Through one narrow, winding corridor after another, past many a gloomy cell of suffering and misery, we followed the officer, till at length a heavy door opened, and we found ourselves in an open court, with the pure daylight of God's heavens pouring dazzlingly bright upon our expanded and dungeon-blinded eyes.

Oh, how sweet the air! how beautiful the sky! The mere glimpse of it filled us with joy unspeakable! and we felt as if transported from Hades to Heaven.

Crossing the court, we entered a more spacious and cheerful-looking portion of the great Castle; and in another minute we were ushered into a large and lofty apartment, where stood several officers of rank, and a few gentlemen in the dress of citizens.

Two of the latter instantly advanced a few steps, and then suddenly paused, as if surprised and in doubt. I at once recognized them as Don Luis and Don Manuel, and with a cry of joy I pronounced their names.

"The saints be merciful!" exclaimed the former—"is it possible that in you two poor fellows I behold my guests and friends!" and the next moment, all ragged, wretched and filthy as we were, their arms were thrown around our necks, and we were strained to their hearts in an affectionate embrace.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The present population of the United States is estimated by the Census Bureau at 35,000,000.

☞ A crazy man ran away with a locomotive, while the fireman and engineer were asleep on it, in Illinois, the other day. After a fearful ride he was knocked down and secured.

☞ Ink of the finest and most intense black may be prepared by adding a very minute portion of vanadic acid, or vanadite of ammonia, to a solution of nutgall. This ink will be found much more lasting than the ink ordinarily sold in stationery stores.

☞ The testimony of a witness has been refused in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, because he wore his dirty working clothes in the court room.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R. 20, 1866.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

NOTICE.

We have been informed that a person calling himself Mr. Pearson has been acting as an agent of THE POST at Lewisburg, Penn. We have employed no agents for several years past. Any one who gets up a club acts as the agent of said club, and should be personally known to those who subscribe through him.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We design commencing in our next number, a new Novelet, called

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

Mr. Bennett's story of "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," closes in our next paper—to the great regret, as we know, of large numbers of subscribers. We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

PURPOSE.

We are all afloat on the Sea of Time, with Purpose for the rudder of our life, Hope for its silken Sails, and Death its goal. Yet few are they who grasp the helm. The many are content to float idly, whither the winds will, drifting, through days that smile and days that frown, down all the currents of circumstance, without the forethought to garner against To-morrow the sunshine that falls upon To-day.

Every man has somewhere his Hesperides, sunny islands afar, lying beyond the zone of storms and lapped in perpetual Summer. All dream of the day when they will sail into these celestial ports, yet heed not to trim their sails and steer thither. There are so many perilous passes on the route; so many shining harbors; and few there are like Ulysses, resolute to sail uncharmed down the coasts of the Sirens.

To such men life has no aim. Their days forget a past and ignore a future. Their nights are blank abysses between two worlds. The earth is a stage and their lives an endless succession of interludes, while behind the scenes the Fates rehearse the real drama of their existence, only appearing on the stage as the curtain is about to fall. But he who lives for an end is his own fate, the chief actor in his own play of life. The charm of a fixed purpose welds the broken links of time into the grand chain of a noble existence. So that the object be worthy the effort, no matter how lofty or how distant it may be, let a man but make his days stepping-stones to the purpose of his years and the loftiest peaks become accessible.

On such a soul side-winds of happiness blow, cheering but not changing its course. On such a soul storms beat in vain. The wise man builds his future on the experience of his past. On the fool pain and precept are alike wasted; he dallies through life's summer, and when days of sorrow come they fall on his soul like October frosts on the wings of the unhoused butterfly; while the provident bee sits hived in plenty.

THIS SOLID GLOBE.

What a strange story Science tells of this substantial Earth of ours. An atom of matter wandering amid giant suns. A ball hung loose in space, forever spinning on its axis, forever flying round and round the sun, forever, in company with its family of planets, darting through the shining circle of its astral system, perhaps with this astral system revolving in orbits of inconceivable immensity. With excessive mobility it yields to the attraction of each neighboring planet, constantly deviating from its true course, which is only regained after ages of compensation. So the direction of its axis is constantly changing, in two distinct movements, one completing its circle in years, the other in ages.

But leaving these movements of the whole mass; we have ceaseless tides, in the ocean, in the air, perhaps in the earth,—for the crust of the earth is but as an egg-shell, containing a yolk of molten fire, which may well have its tides. Mighty currents take the oceans prisoner and bear the waters where they will; the air is shaken by the warring of the winds; the earth quakes, and the inner fires gush through its mountain pores like the flood from a rent artery. Slowly up and down rock the continents; the atmosphere takes up the seas in its thirsty lips, and sheds them over the land as rains, which flowing back sweep the lands into the seas.

There are other yet more interior phases of change. The subtle undulations of Light thrill the etherial Element of the air. Heat in endless vibrations creeps from the molten centre upward to the surface. Streams of Electricity course the earth, producing its Magnetic polarity. Chemical affinity is constantly at work, disintegrating old, building new material, every change setting free currents of the Voltaic fluid. The friction of unseen particles of moisture yields the piercing arrows of the lightning. Organic growth is changing the solid mineral crust to an open, fertile soil.

We may go further, for we yet stand but on the threshold of the intimate movements of matter. There is much reason to believe that each of the wonderfully minute particles of which visible masses are built is in constant, individual motion, yielding to the attractions of other particles but preserving its native mobility intact; what we call the stability of matter being really a result of its inter-relations of motion. Even the vast interspaces between the spheres are filled with a fine Ether ever vibrating with the waves of Light; and the whole, seemingly substantial, universe is as a falling cataract, an apparent stability framed of endless change.

Are Eyes Expressionless?

They play at a game in France in which certain members of a company are entirely concealed, with the exception of their eyes—every thing is hidden except the eye itself—and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this game told me, says a correspondent, that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her beauty, and especially distinguished by her fine eyes, la Duchesse de M———, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, there being only one other person hidden besides herself, and this an old gentleman not celebrated for his eyes. The pair were duly concealed and bandaged up, with nothing but their eyes visible, and then the person—a lady—who was to declare to whom the respective eyes belonged, was introduced. Without a moment's hesitation, she walked up straight to where the old gentleman was placed, and exclaimed, "Ah, there is no one but la Duchesse de M——— who can boast such eyes as these." She had made the choice, but it was the wrong one.

☞ It is related in a French paper, that the Mayor of a commune having received a letter from the Prefect of his department, enjoining him to take all necessary precautions in case of the cholera making its appearance in his village, replied that he had already made every preparation. The Prefect, not content with this answer, visiting in person the above-named commune, and to his astonishment and dismay found that the worthy Mayor had caused as many graves to be dug in the church-yard as there were inhabitants in the village.

☞ If black dresses have stains upon them, boil a handful of fig leaves in a quart of water and reduce it to a pint; and a sponge dipped in this liquid and rubbed upon them will entirely remove stains from crape, bombazines, &c.

☞ WHAT IT COSTS.—The cost of sending a telegraphic despatch to Europe is illustrated in a story told of an ambitious young man from the country, who, on a recent visit to Boston, was anxious to send a despatch over the Atlantic cable—just for the fun of the thing. Gathering up all his loose change, he entered the Boston office and expressed his wish. Having written his message and handed it in, he laid his cash on the counter, exclaiming, "How far will this money pay for?" Quickly running over the money, the operator replied, "About an inch." The youth departed a sadder and a wiser man.

☞ The sorrowful intelligence lately received touching Dr. John Brown, of Edinburg, is confirmed by private letters. The author of "Rab and his Friends," and other delightful papers, incorporated in two volumes entitled "Spare Hours," will, it is feared, charm us no more with his fresh and genial humor. His reason is supposed to be hopelessly impaired.

☞ On a farm in Clermont county, Ohio, four persons have died of cholera within a few days. It is noted that in 1833, three persons died on that farm of cholera, and four persons in 1849, and that then, as now, there were no other cases in the vicinity.

☞ Mr. Robert Walker and his wife, riding in a wagon with two seats, were crossing a railroad track in Detroit, Michigan, on Friday, when the gentleman, who sat on the front seat driving, while the lady sat behind him, suddenly discovered that a train of cars was rapidly approaching. He whipped his horses, and they sprang quickly forward. This unexpected movement threw Mrs. Walker out of the wagon. She fell upon the planks between the rails, which serve to enable teams to pass, and in an instant after the train was grinding her body almost to a jelly.

☞ A Texas paper says a child was lately devoured by an alligator near Galveston, in full view of its father, who was unable to save his little daughter. The monster was afterwards shot, and the remains of the child recovered.

☞ Septimus Tennyson, a brother of the Poet Laureate, died recently at Cheltenham, England. He is described as "a gentle, trusting, lovable man," and "one who will be lamented by all who knew his great worth." He wrote several sonnets, originally published in the Literary Gazette, but failed to attain any reputation as a poet.

☞ Every year some fresh article of luxury becomes the rage in Paris. At the present moment aquariums are all the fashion, and we could name more than a hundred shops where no other article is sold. Among other novelties which seem likely to become very fashionable in the capital are watches and chains made of hardened India-rubber, which closely imitates different sorts of wood. Should these articles get into general use, the pickpockets will lose considerably.

☞ "The divine right of beauty," says Junius, "is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

☞ The recent long silence of the Atlantic Cable was expli-cable, only on the hypothesis that the electrical batteries couldn't stand the company's heavy "charges."

☞ A lady entered a train at a country station on the New Jersey railroad, the other day, and sat down with her back to the locomotive. Finding her mistake, and not wishing to ride backward, she politely asked the conductor if he would turn the car round. He objected, as he thought it wouldn't be dealing on the square with the other passengers.

A History of the Bible.

A correspondent of one of the religious papers wants a history of the Bible written. He says:—

"Is may be possible that learned clergymen and divers and sundry other writers and commentators can furnish me with the main facts in regard to the Bible. But I want a complete and connected history of the Bible as a book, with all the information collected together, and *properly arranged*, giving all of the external evidences which are found in ancient and modern history in regard to its genuineness, its truth, its authenticity, and its inspiration. Let us have a concise statement of all the corroborating testimony which has been furnished by the discoveries of Rawlinson and Bayard, Loftus and others. Let us have the learned opinions of Neander, Robinson, Thomson, and others brought forth; in short, let us have a real history of the Bible, not in numerous volumes, but in a concise and compact form, which everybody can refer to.

"It is not alone the free use of the Scriptures which is essential to the advancement of the human race; but their study should be made as pleasing and attractive as possible. For that purpose, we should know everything about them which it is possible to know. I want to have it so that, when the preacher enters the pulpit and holds up the Bible, he can explain to his hearers, 1st, where the book came from; 2d, who wrote it; 3d, in what language or languages it was written; 4th, on what materials it was written, whether papyrus, wood, stone, brass, or iron; 5th, how it was preserved through the lapse of time and the revolutions of ages; 6th, its genuineness and authenticity; 7th, its inspiration, and why its claims upon mankind are greater than the writings of Confucius, the Koran of Mohammed, or the Vedas; 8th, its historical importance, and show how its statements are corroborated by the discoveries of buried cities, the unfolding of the mysteries of the hieroglyphics, monograph, and cuniform writings, and any and all other facts pertaining to the same, which may be properly arranged and made more complete than Angus or any other author or compiler has yet done; 9th, tell us of the manuscripts and the different translations of the Bible, and wherein our Bible differs from the Latin Vulgate and the Catholic Bibles; tell us also where we can see for ourselves the Bibles of Wickliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and King James's editions."

The Literary Profession.

The Paris correspondent of the Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular gives the following sensible view with reference to the pursuit of literature as a profession:—

A longer novitiate is required in literature than in any other profession. No man thinks of adopting the law, or medicine, or engineering as a profession unless he is the master of money enough to support him in the school and during the first years of professional life. But almost every man thinks he can earn money as a writer from the very outset, even though, as is often the case, he is ignorant of orthography and syntax. We should hear a great deal less about the distress of young literary men if they would consent to use those assistances which are at hand during their novitiate. The most eminent writers recommend these assistances as protections to the dignity, as aids to the improvement and rapid success of the literary man. Spinoza polished glasses for optical instrument-makers while meditating and writing his extraordinary philosophical treatises. Franklin supported himself as a printer. M. Michelet refused to earn bread by writing as a hack, and supported himself by teaching until he felt himself able to write. M. Renan supported himself by teaching school until he ascertained that he was sufficiently master of his pen to draw support from it. M. Prevost-Paradol likewise supported himself during his literary novitiate by teaching. M. Taine, long after he became well known as an author, continued to teach. Some of his friends expressed their astonishment. He replied: "I wish to write only when, where, and as I please, and no author can enjoy this independence unless he is able to do without editors of newspapers and publishers. I have allotted to myself a minimum of fortune, which I regard as indispensable to comfortable material life; and when I shall have attained it, I shall philosophize at my pleasure." Mme. George Sand supported herself by painting fans until her pen supplied her with a sufficient income. Young authors ought to bear these examples in mind, and to imitate them. There are a great many employments where the literary neophyte may earn his livelihood while he is fitting himself for his new profession. If he disdains these, from some discreditable vanity, and resolves to have no bed and no board but such as his inexperienced pen may provide, he cannot complain if a life of hardship and a premature grave are his portion.

The Cause of Fever and Ague.

Prof. J. H. Salisbury's idea is that the cause of fever and ague is a vegetable seed, of which the air is full at the surface of the earth at sunrise and sunset. None are found in the air during the middle of the day, nor at any time usually at a greater height than thirty feet; answering precisely to the laws of miasm, published by us several years ago. It is one of the most important of all practical subjects connected with disease and the use we have made of the facts known in regard to maladies of this character in the shape of spring and autumnal diseases, epidemics, etc., was to recommend as an absolute and infallible preventive of these ailments in any family in the autumn was:

First.—To sleep in the upper stories.

Second.—To exclude the night air from the chambers.

Third.—Never go outside the house till breakfast was eaten.

Fourth.—Come into the house before sundown and not go out afterwards, at least until supper was taken.

Fifth.—Kindle a fire in the family sitting-room at sunrise and sunset, and sit by it. All these items correspond with Prof. Salisbury's discovery. That these sporules are not found in the air of hot noon-day is because heat is incompatible with their presence.—*Dr. Hall.*

☞ The infant daughter of Gen. Tom Thumb died from inflammation of the brain, at Norwich, on the 26th of September.

☞ Ladies in Paris will wear Turkish trowsers this winter instead of—well, unmentionables.

☞ Jenkins tells of a lady at Newport with "a canopy of hair as luxuriant as a Brazilian forest, and as noble as Mont Blanc." It must have cost her a fortune.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

SEARCH FOR HIS REMAINS—HIS BODY ABSORBED BY THE ROOTS OF A TREE—A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet at least have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty-three years, not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained after the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume.

On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. In Colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children; the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down in the "charnel house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years.

Near the grave stood a venerable apple tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust!

Not a trace of any thing was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves were all gone! There stood the "guilty apple tree," as it was said at the time, "caught in the very act of robbing the grave."

To explain the phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmitted into the apple tree; it had passed into the woody fibre and was capable of propelling a steam engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?—*Hartford Press.*

A Reminiscence of the War.

A Richmond correspondent of the New York Times tells a curious story of the manner in which our Government, during the closing days of the Rebellion, came into possession of the testimony of General Lee before a committee of the Rebel Congress, which was never reported to the Houses, unless in secret session. The writer states that an agent of our Government was hidden in a closet of the room where Lee testified, and took verbatim notes of the priceless information which fell from his lips, showing the utter hopelessness of the Rebel cause. The remainder of the story may be told in the language of the correspondent:

"A second party walked leisurely through the streets of Richmond with it, until upon the environs he encountered one of the common country carts of this section proceeding with the half of a newly killed beef toward the Rebel lines in Butler's front. No communication that the most lynx-eyed could perceive passed between the man and the cart, but the former gradually changed his direction, and was soon walking back in the direction he had come. The cart went on, reached and passed through the Rebel camps without molestation, and reached the pickets, where it halted, as a matter of course. The beef was destined for the house of a planter just beyond the Rebel lines, and in plain sight of their outposts, and about equi-distant between them and our own outpost. These explanations made, and a careless search of the cart made by the Rebel sentry, that is, a look into it, the cart proceeded on its way.

"Just as we neared the house a small party of our cavalry made a dash at it, and to the utter surprise of the Rebel picket, who saw the whole affair, our men only hovered a moment around the cart, then galloped back with one more man than they came with, leaving the cart and beef, and driver and mule behind them. They did not know it then, but under the beef was a man, and the man had a package, and the package contained the statements of Gen. Lee before the Committee of Congress a few hours before.

"The fact of obtaining this information is unrivalled in the annals of war, and gradually, as the facts come to light, it will be found that Grant had every day such particular information from the Rebel capital, that he knew what Jeff. Davis was talking about each day in the most private of his conversations with his Cabinet and members of his Congress."

☞ The avenues of death are numerous and very strange. A London paper mentions the death of a person from a singular cause. He was playing at "puff and dart," a game which is played with a long needle, inserted in some worsted, and blown at a target through a tin tube. He placed the needle in the wrong end of the tube, and, drawing in his breath strongly to puff the dart forward with force, drew the needle into his throat. It entered the lungs, and in a few days killed him.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

MORTGAGED MINES—SILVER THIEVES—FAST FORTUNES—TIN FOIL—ALCANTRA RICO—UNDERGROUND SPLENDOR—FALLING IN—DRAGGING OUT—OVER A LEDGE.

Though the silver mines of Potosi are the most productive in the world at the present time, if there is truth in either tradition, history, or mineral statistics, their modern yield of the precious metal is insignificant compared with that of a hundred years ago, when it is said that silver almost pure was brought to the surface in such quantities that transportation could not be procured to carry it to the coast, and any that would, either Spaniard or native Peruvian, walked or rode away with so much silver as they or their horse or mule could pack.

The silver mines of Potosi are to Bolivia much like the grudging duty a sailor performs the first two months of a long sea voyage. He has received two month's advance pay, and he calls the first sixty days of service working out a "dead horse." The silver mines of Potosi have been Bolivia's dead horse these thirty years, and as they are managed, are likely to be to the end of time, or at least to the end of two South American republics.

Bolivia being largely in debt to Buenos Ayres at the time she became a nation separate from Peru, and having nothing wherewith to cancel the obligation, hypothecated the proceeds of the mines at Potosi, the Buenos Ayrean Government to mine the treasure, carry it home and coin it, and account by credit given to Bolivia every six months, for so many *pesos* (dollars) as are coined from the ore.

A very pretty arrangement for the Buenos Ayreans, but not very promising for paying off the Bolivian debt, as up to the present period there has been so little reduction of the obligation that the Bolivians say it will require two eternities to bring them up square with Buenos Ayres.

The Government of Bolivia it is true has its *gaulieno de plata*—a sort of commissioner and inspector, stationed at every shaft to look after the national interest and see how much silver is brought out; but as the Argentine Confederacy does not account to Bolivia for any crude ores, and as nineteen out of every twenty of these watchmen are worthless vagabonds, venial to that degree that an ounce of coined silver will buy their consent to the carrying away under their very eyes, of a hundred dollars' worth of silver ore, it is difficult to see any earthly use these guardians of the mines are to the country.

There are in all in the near neighborhood of Potosi about a hundred and forty shafts, new and old, perhaps three-quarters of them abandoned, several worked irregularly, and not more than twelve producing silver in remunerative quantities. As it is the almost universal opinion of every one competent to judge who has ever visited and prospected through that region, that the whole *Sierra de Potosi*, for the distance of a hundred and fifty miles, as well as five hundred of its lateral spurs, overlie one vast bed of rich silver ore, it is very probable that Bolivia, wide awake, with a more liberal mining policy, might at any time within a year have opened a thousand mines richly productive, pouring wealth into her coffers, enfranchising her from the tolls of a grasping sister republic, and making her so far as wealth is concerned the leading power among the states of South America.

But Bolivia is Spanish—after Equador the most fogy fossil of all the countries occupying the southern end of our continent. Cheated in her silver trade by Buenos Ayres, she suspects everybody else of dishonesty—locks up her immense wealth in the interior of her rugged sierras and lives a miserable pauper.

What the aggregate product of the mines at Potosi are, it is impossible to tell. The average of guesses by English engineers, superintendents and miners, will make it about nine millions of dollars per annum; but as all the government officials of both countries, as well as all sorts of employes, plunder *ad libitum*, it is probable that four millions at least might be safely added to the count. The mines are supplied with English machinery and superintended mostly by Englishmen in the employ of Buenos Ayres, and it is said even among themselves that if a superintendent or engineer is smart, he can go home to England at the end of the fifth year able to purchase an estate. We were told of one engineer who came to Potosi too poor to pay for a week's subsistence, who sent home a million dollars in four years, and went home at the end of that time carrying with him more than as much more.

But no one must imagine from such instances of thrift that all foreigners who go to Potosi either send or carry home silver fortunes. With the precious metal everywhere, silver household utensils almost as common as tin in our country, there are always more miserable, wretched, foreign vagabonds, living in utter poverty, dragging out a dog's existence, dying like brutes and going to oblivion, than I ever saw in any town of like population in any country. Thousands of foreigners are drawn thither by bright silvery dreams, to find the reality all cold, hard iron. Though silver is so abundant that among many of the very poorest inhabitants many of the smaller domestic articles of every-day use are made of the metal, it is worth nothing in that shape, has no exchangeable value, and one might starve to death on a mattress stuffed with silver spoons.

Nearly all the silver mined at Potosi is smelted there, going to Buenos Ayres in ingots. But many a goodly bar of silver made at Potosi never finds its way to the treasury of the Argentine Confederacy. Some of it goes to Arica for shipment abroad, in queer company and very unusual shape for silver. There are two tin mines in the neighborhood of Potosi, the produce of which goes exclusively to Arica for shipment either to England or the United States. The tin is run into "pigs," about twenty inches long by four and a half wide on one side, four inches deep, and three broad on the fourth side. In 1864, I was shown, among a hundred or so of these tin *pigs* on board a ship bound for the United States, *thirteen pigs* of pure silver, in shape, lettering and every apparent feature, *tin*. In that way about *eleven hundred pounds* of pure silver was smuggled out of Bolivia and into the United States.

A number of us, both men and women, went down into seven of these silver shafts, all of which have extensive horizontal drifts and lateral chambers honeycombing the bowels of the earth at a depth of from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet below the surface. None of the mines are worked at a greater depth than six hundred feet at the present time, and only one I think so deep as that; though it is said the early Spanish miners in many instances delved to the depths of a thousand to twelve hundred. But mineralogists and miners in more modern times discovering that the richest lodes lay so much nearer the surface, affording silver at greatly reduced cost of digging, bored horizontally, the refuse material being pitched down the old Spanish bottomless pits, filling them up to their present depth.

One of the mines, however, that of *el Alcantra Rico*, said to have been originally the richest mine in Bolivia, but for more than seventy years only moderately productive, the first Spanish miners had chambered to a wide extent at the depth of about three hundred feet from the surface, and then tunneled perpendicular, sinking shafts in several of the arched galleries eight hundred feet deeper, it was said, and none of these pit holes has ever been filled in.

We were down in the mine of Alcantra, every soul of us, our fifth visit, I believe, to the subterranean silver country, and the mine being an abandoned one, our English engineer guides abandoned us to our own pilotage, it being none of their business to show strangers around through the dark where they knew nothing about the navigation themselves; and so providing ourselves with torches, down we went and undertook the navigation. In the undertaking, several of our party came to grief, four of them to a condition next door to death.

For an hour or so we went on admirably, keeping all together, making a great glare with all our blazing torches, wandering through and revelling in magnificent corridors, grand halls and immense chambers, their roofs and ceilings, groined and fretted with quaint stalactites, white as drifted snow, stalagmites sprung up in statues, altars and glittering spires and walls all set with transparent alum crystals, flashing back in ten thousand tongues of vivid light the glare of our torches, each, it seemed, ten thousand times duplicated, until the whole became a scene of enchantment, almost blinding in its regal splendor—more magnificent than aught that met the eye of the enraptured Aladdin wandering amid the fabled cave of subterranean diamonds.

In our worship of the wonderful we went on, bewildering ourselves in the crystal labyrinths, nothing impressed, as we ought to have been, by the gorgeous wealth of nature's sublime beauty thus wrought out in utter darkness; but reckless, rattle-brained, shouting *hilariteur*, running like late let out school boys and girls through tortuous passages, till suddenly Cator, Harry White, Headlong Kate, Edith and Senora Cosmo, being our foremost five, ran headlong into one of the bottomless pits.

They did not go quite to the bottom, which would have been a far fall indeed. As the shaft was filled with water to within about fifteen feet of the surface, their fall was only a headlong plunge of that distance, and souse, headforemost into the water uncomfortably cold. As they were all capital swimmers, there was no immediate danger of their drowning and going further down. But how were they to be brought up out of that depth? That was the puzzle. The sides of the pit were smooth and perpendicular—they were far below our reach; not a rope, lasso, or line of any sort at hand. What was to be done? It was a two hours' journey to the upper world and back with implements of salvation, and before a twentieth of that distance could have been done, our friends would have been chilled to death and drowned and sunk to all eternity. Besides, there was danger of two more of the party popping into the pit, as Dona Estepha, Harry's Chilena wife, and Cator's lavandeira bride were raving wild, and only held back by main force.

Something was to be done, and that speedily. What was it to be? Some one shouted for Dr. Bond. The doctor was gone. So was O'Harra, and Senora Monteiro, and the little Napolitan queen, and our Chuquisaca *companeiro*. Five more missing—Where, how and when had they gone? It was more than we knew. What were we to do? That was more than we knew, too. Something, and that speedily, or those that we loved would soon sink to the bottom—lost. Buried a thousand feet beneath the Sodom city of silver. We were doing nothing but look down upon them, impotent, and in despair.

Kate O'Harra's clear, cool head was worth a million such as ours. Seeing us doing, thinking nothing, and likely to do so until they were all dead and gone, Kate said:

"What are you all thinking of? Haven't you heard of ladders made of blankets? Your *ponchos* will make ladders. Quick, or we shall not need them."

What idiots we were to be sure not to have thought of that before. But we thought and acted then. In twenty seconds half-a-dozen strong *ponchos* were rent into stripe, knotted together and let down. Cator slung the others first, then himself, and all of us above bending on with a will, with a long, a strong, and a pull all together we tugged them out, shivering, and teeth chattering like castanets. But every one of them was educated, past all future forgetfulness I think, to practice for the remainder of their lives the homely, wholesome old motto—"Look before you leap."

Then we went on a hunt after the doctor and our other derelicts. Tracking them in the white, frost-like nitrate of potash that covered the floors of all the chambers shoe deep, we followed on from where they had left us in one of the grand corridors, turning off to the left and wandering on until the way seemed interminable. But at length we found them in total darkness, tumbled all in a heap, over a precipice five yards or so perpendicular, not one of them a mite hurt, but all severely scared—their lights extinguished, and they wallowing and walloping about in a bank of *flake* alum, light as a bed of down, and white as a snow-drift, turning them, hair, clothing, and faces as white as sheeted ghosts.

Our poncho ropes were brought into requisition again, and drawing our companeiros out of and up from their alum bath, we hurried back to the upper world, voting without a dissenting voice, that wonderful as it was, with all its enchantment and magnificence, *el Alcantra Rico* was scarcely worth a visit at such a cost.

Potosi presents itself next in my journal, and in presenting it next to the public, I shall strive to make the ink picture a true one so far as it goes, showing South American Civilization at a lower ebb at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea, than we had yet found it in all the regions we had traversed.

☞ Hoop skirts, like gun barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them; but when the former are charged,—powdered, wadded, and waterfall capped, they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to look at them.

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first rate:
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales; play as well;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like sylphides for grace and ease;
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir
At St. George's Church, by Hanover Square.
Hey! you that in lordly mansion dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline?

Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell!
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

—*London Punch.*

A Heart-Rending Episode.

The London Morning Herald's military correspondent gives the following story: "A farmer, living in a hamlet near Posenits, had a wife and two children, and such was the woman's terror of the Prussians, when she heard they were coming, that her husband, to satisfy her, placed her in an underground cellar, with her two little ones, and built up the doorway, leaving some food inside. The Prussians entered the place, and, among others, obliged this poor man to accompany them, with his horse and cart, for a day's journey, as they said. But the man was brought on from place to place, and at last, when he was suffered to return and reached his own house, several days had elapsed. On the way back he began to calculate how little food had been left with the wife and children; and, horror-stricken at the dreadful thought that their cries might not be heard, his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real. He tore down the masonry, searched for those so dear to him, but only found three lifeless bodies, half devoured by rats. Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in hospital, a lunatic."

Getting Married.

It seems to us we never hear of a young lady about to be married, but there strikes upon our ears a chorus of her friends, avowing that she is about to throw herself away upon a man who is wholly unworthy of her, and wondering what she can possibly see in him to justify her in making such an enormous sacrifice. So, when a man marries, all his friends agree that they are terribly disappointed in his wife. They did think that poor dear So-and-so would have made a better choice. But here has he gone and married a woman who isn't good-looking, who hasn't any money, who doesn't understand him, who can't appreciate him, who, &c., &c.—altogether a long bill of indictment against the lady, simply because she has become poor dear So-and-so's wife and a friend whom his other friends can't be friends with. And in these cases, it should be noted, the friends of the wife or husband are only of accord in their common antagonism to the object of the wife's or husband's choice; and for the better expression of this, they sink temporarily the other differences existing among and dividing them; they are only harmonious singing this one chorus; that over, a hopeless discord prevails among them again.

☞ A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

☞ A Latin motto on the seal ring of A. T. Stewart says, "Keep busy and mind your chances."

☞ On an average a dozen boy-thieves are arrested every week in London. On their persons are usually found specimens of such literature as "The Boy-Burglar," "The Boy-Pirate," "The Boy-Highwayman," &c.

☞ Dresses still trail behind, or rather tunics trail, for the dress has dwindled to a tunic, and the petticoat has arisen to the dignity of a dress. Often the dress will be a simple muslin, looped up with ribbons, while the petticoat will be of rich silk exquisitely embroidered.

☞ It appears that the manufacture and consumption of lager-bier is as much on the increase in Europe as in the United States, and even the Turks and Mohammedans generally begin largely to indulge in it. An immense brewery has lately been completed, in addition to the large number of them heretofore in operation, at Trieste; another at Laibach, in the Ukraine; another at Gratz, in Styria—all to satisfy the increasing demand for the export of lager-bier to Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Levant and Egypt. Mohammed had no idea of this beverage, and did not include it in his prohibition; hence the Turks, not being allowed to taste wine or liquors, are taking to beer, and by thus whipping the devil round the stump, save their souls.

☞ Authors copyright in France is now extended to fifty years.

☞ The Colorado Mining Journal says Brigham Young is making inspecting tours round about his dominions. He was "insulted" by a rough backwoodsman, who propounded Artemus Ward's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

☞ A pretty young Americanca, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a segar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and, looking archly at him, popped the question thus: "Have-Anna?"

☞ What is wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

THE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—General Geary (Republican) is elected by probably 15,000 to 18,000 majority. The Congressional delegation will stand 18 to 6—a gain of two for the Republicans. The Legislature is Republican by a large majority.

OHIO.—The Republican majority is probably about 40,000. The Republicans have probably lost a member in the Congressional delegation.

INDIANA.—The Republican majority is reported at about 15,000. Congressional delegation the same as last.

IOWA.—The Republican majority is reported at 25,000. Congressional delegation all Republican, as last.

BALTIMORE CITY.—The Unconditional Union men have been successful in the city election.

The Life of the Mosquito.

Did it ever occur to you, when by a well-directed slap you demolish a mosquito, that you destroy a very beautiful, and in spite of its blood-thirsty propensities, interesting object? The male insect is readily distinguished by his plumes. He has the negative quality of not annoying us, lives but a short time, and what little food he requires he gets from flowers. The female is armed with a formidable proboscis. To understand her history, we must go back to the eggs. The female lays her eggs upon the water; finding a suitable place, she supports herself by her two pairs of fore legs, and crossing the hinder pair like a letter X, she deposits the eggs, one after another, in this support made by the legs, putting them endwise, side by side, and sticking them firmly together by means of a glutinous secretion which covers them. When the mass is complete, it is in the shape of a little boat, consisting of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty eggs, which is set afloat and abandoned to its fate. The little raft floats persistently; it will not sink, nor will hard usage break it up, nor freezing destroy the vitality of the eggs. In a few day the larvæ, as the first stage of the insects is called, are hatched, and make their way out of the under side of the egg, and go off in search of food. They may be seen in any vessel of rain-water that has been exposed for some days during summer; from their peculiar manner of locomotion they are called "wrigglers." Near the tail is a tube of hairs through which the wriggler breathes. When not disturbed it rests with its head downward, and with this tube at the surface of the water, but on approach of danger it rapidly wriggles itself to the bottom of the vessel. After wriggling through eight to fifteen of the first days of its existence, and casting its skin two or three times, the mosquito goes into the pupa state. In this condition it swims with its head upward, and though not so lively as before, it moves and tumbles about by means of some paddles at the end of its tail. While in the pupa state it takes no food, and its breathing arrangements are quite reversed; for, instead of respiring through the tube at the end of its tail, it is furnished with two tubes at the head, through which it takes in air. This state of things lasts from five to ten days, when the skin bursts and the perfect insect comes forth. This is a most critical period in the life of these insects, and they only can emerge with safety on a very still, sunny day. The skin of the pupa bursts open on the back, and the insect first protrudes its head, then its chest gradually follows, and it stands erect in the shell with its legs still confined, and its wings limp and damp. The slightest breeze at this time would upset the frail boat, and the insect would be drowned. But a very small proportion of the whole succeed in passing the last transformation in safety. Soon the front pair of legs are extricated, and placed upon the water. This enables the insect to steady itself, and much diminishes the danger of upsetting. The sun speedily dries the wings, which are gradually expanded; then the other legs are drawn out and placed on the edge of the pupa case, and the antennæ and proboscis are elevated, and the insect is able to quit its watery abode and fly off to serenade us with its shrill note, and to relieve us of our surplus blood.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the manner in which the mosquito produces its peculiar and annoying sound; it is thought by some that the wings alone do not cause it, but that they are aided by the rapid vibration of the muscles of the chest. It is said that the wings vibrate fifty times in a second. If the cause of the song of the mosquito is not well understood, such is not the case with the other annoying peculiarity—its sting. Here the object is so small that the microscope must be called to our aid. When examined by the glass, the sting of the mosquito is found to be a very beautiful as well as complex instrument. The wonderful fineness of its points is seen in the ease with which they penetrate our tough skin. The sting itself would cause but little annoyance, were it not that the proboscis gives off an irritating secretion which inflames the slight wound, and in some persons becomes a painful swelling, and even troublesome ulcers. This is intended to give an idea of the structure and habits of mosquitoes in general, and not of any particular species. Our mosquitoes belong to the genera *Megarhinus* and *Culex*, but they do not seem to have been throughly studied, and there is much confusion among naturalists concerning them.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ Here is a scene in a French court: Judge—How old are you, madame? Lady (smiling)—Write me down what age your honor thinks right. Judge (to clerk)—Put down forty-five. Profession? Lady—I beg pardon, your honor is out by ten years. Judge (to clerk)—Put down fifty-five. Profession? Lady (furious)—Why, good gracious, your honor, I give you my word I'm not a day over thirty-five. Judge—At last we have got the truth. Profession?

☞ An amusing error in the columns of a leading paper in Paris has excited no small amount of merriment at the expense of a man of talent. The following paragraphs, intended to have been printed separately, were by some blunder so arranged that they read consecutively: "Dr. ——— has been appointed head physician to the Hospital de la Charite. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the cemetery of Mount Parnasse; the works are being executed with the utmost despatch."

☞ A Scotch minister in a strange parish wishing to know what the people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle. "What do they say of Mr. ———?" (his predecessor.) "Oh," said the beadle, "they say he's no sound." Minister: "What do they say of the new minister?" (himself) Beadle: "Oh, they say he's all sound!" Exit minister.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

BY DR. JOHN BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children—that is a little out of my line—but I may tell you that the soul, especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in: for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered, and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies—will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense very unnatural, in an unhappy child. You and I, grown up people, who have had cares, and have had sorrows and difficulties, and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are: the kitten making fun of everything, even of its sedate mother's tail and whiskers; the lambs, running races in their mirth; even the young asses—the baby-cuddie—how pawky and droll, and happy he looks with his fuzzy head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sair hauden down* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom. But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a *steerin' bairn*—goo-gooin', crowing and kicking, keeping everybody alive.

HOW TO KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY.—And first a word on our old friends, the bowels. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach. No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whiskey, to kill their digestion; no Gundy, or Taffy, or Lick, or Black Man, or Jid; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk and butter and fat the better; but plenty of plain, wholesome food, parritch and milk, good broth—kail as we call it.

Some folks will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm; but the great thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm. The chest, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body—the heating apparatus—is, and if you keep it warm, and give it plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feetikins, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh. As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is, not knowledge, but the will to do what is right—what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

[NOTE. We doubt this relative to children's feet very much. Of course they should not be kept *too* warm.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

THE EFFECTS OF BAD HANDWRITING.—It appears that a gentleman in Michigan owned a building which was situated on the lands of the Michigan Central railway, and the company desiring him to remove it, the superintendent, who writes a most uncouth hand, sent him a short letter, ordering its removal at once. The house was not taken away, however, and three months afterwards the superintendent met the owner, and began scolding him for not doing it. The explanation was soon made; the notice had been received; nobody could decipher it; some one had suggested it might be a free pass, and upon that suggestion the owner of the building had been riding over the road for three months, the conductors being as unable as the rest of the world to decipher the note.

☞ Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the rich dry goods merchant, of New York, is about to devote $1,000,000 to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working classes in that city.

☞ A girl lately escaped from a band of Gypsies at Jeromeville, Ashland county, Ohio. She says that she was taken along, some four years ago, by a band of Gypsies from her home, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The Gypsies hold her captive all the time, keeping her either confined in a wagon, or in such place that she could not hold communication with any person outside of the Gypsey band.

☞ Gloves may be cleaned thus: Wrap a fine cloth around your finger, dip it in new milk, then rub on fine soap and rub the glove lightly. In all the above operations, the glove must be on the hand.

☞ A money-hunter, being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey-moon would last. "Don't tell me of the honey-moon," he replied; "it is the harvest-moon with me."

☞ Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote some verses for Fox to present to the Emperor of Russia, and they are published in the St. Petersburg Vedemosts, duly credited to "Oliver Vendel Golme."

☞ Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

☞ Francis Joseph's family is styled the House of Mishapsburg.

THE OPERA BOX.

In the midst of the grand exotics
That blossom the season through,
It is there, a rose of the garden
Fresh from the winds and the dew;
Fresh as a face that follows
The bounds up a rimy hill,
With hair blown back by the breezes
That seem to live in it still.

So fresh and rosy and dimpled—
But, oh! what a soul there lies,
Melting to liquid agate
Those womanly tender eyes!
How it quickens under the music
As if at a breath divine,
And the ripening lips disparted
Drink in the sound like wine!

Passionate sense of enjoyment,
Absolute lull of delight—
They are hers as the sorrowful story
Awakens her heart to-night;
And those strains deliciously tender
Hold her in mute suspense,
Delighting each quick perception,
Regaling each subtle sense.

River-like, slowly and broadly
The music dreamily flows,
And the tale of sin and repentance
Draws to its terrible close;
And she listens, rapt and musing,
Till stirred by some happy thought,
Some phrase of silver sweetness,
Some cadence airily wrought.

The music surges and ceases
As the sea when the wind is spent,
And the blue of heaven brightens
Through cloudy fissure and rent.
It ceases and all is over,
The box is empty and cold,
And the amber drapery deadens
To satin that has been gold.

For Beautifying the Complexion.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pearl powder is not a sin that I know of. No more are pearl drops. Nor is there any moral wrong in a woman's pasting both over her countenance, if that is her taste. But it's a misapplication. Even then it wouldn't be so bad if it were but a mild misapplication, say the thickness of a plaster of Paris George Washington or two. But I leave it to any gentleman reader who is not in love, whether an inch and a half is not an overcharge of powder. I ask him, upon his honor, whether it is not "too muchly." (Slang.)

Yesterday I went to a Grand Rally in the woods. There were men who had post-offices. There were men who wanted post-offices. The latter were gallant, noble, earnest, able, friendly, eloquent, patriotic men. There was no intoxicating beverage allowed on the grounds. But there was patriotism to be had for cash, a little way down in the woods. There were fair women. And I said to myself: What in this world is this world coming to? A stranger might have fancied that the livid, ghastly creatures around him had been granted a furlough from their coffins to do honor to a Congressman. For every other woman had her complexion beautified. Perhaps it is part of the arrangement for this political campaign. If so, I have nothing to say, as I never meddle in politics. But if not, I ask permission to make a few remarks.

I did not wholly admire the beautiful female women. I must conscientiously state that they did not look half as pretty as they thought they did. Even a gentleman who would accept a post-office—said so.

There was a lady with a large face and an embroidered lace veil. She had forgotten some things. Had forgotten that her dress was—well, it had evaded her recollection that her robe had not recently been subject to the chemical influence of that element which comes nearest being a universal solvent. But she had not forgotten her pearl drops. I should think not. Her eyes, to a disinterested spectator, seemed as though she had but just seen her father's ghost. Her face had the appearance and mental expression of a cake of fresh, young, rosy tallow.

Her complexion was beautified.

Just as the Grand Rally was over, I beheld her again. Her countenance now resembled a cake of very old tallow—beginning faintly to mildew. A change was there, my fellow-sinneresses? A gentleman who had a post-office said he was glad she was no kin to him.

Her complexion needed beautifying, badly.

There was another. She was a woman who, any time these five years, would have been delighted to accept the situation of mother-in-law to some nice young man. Her face was thin. Her hair was hair-dyed. Her eyes were eyebrowed. And her complexion was beautified. A gentleman of a poetical turn of mind, who wanted a post-office, said she looked like a red marigold sprouting up out of the Grave of Buried Hopes. A gentleman who had a post-office said she ought to have been ashamed of herself.

Perhaps there are occasions in life when pearl drops are not so out of place. By gas-light, at the theatre, or in a dancing hall, where everything is known to be for show, where talk and manners, and, God forgive us! even hearts sometimes are artificial, pearl powder might do, possibly. Where false faces are the fashion, maybe false complexions would not be such an objection.

But complexions which are beautified look queer by sunlight. For the honest sunlight has a way of shining right through humbugs, if you will notice.

And worst of all, a sham complexion never will stay beautiful for any length of time. It wears out so shockingly soon. A woman may be fair to the eye as a new Gift Enterprise spoon, and you may see her an hour after, looking like a Gift Enterprise spoon which has been washed. It is so undependable. I have known a lady go to a party with a face white as a lily, and come home looking like a lily indeed, but it was a tiger-lily. And a tiger-lily is not a strikingly handsome plant.

It is not likely that I shall make one proselyte. I don't expect it. "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." The women of this generation are so wedded to their pearl drops that the state of Indiana could not divorce the twain. I doubt if they would give up their idols even at the risk of losing a husband with a post-office. But for all that, there is no Lemon Rouge like good health, no Magnolia Balm like a good conscience, and no Invisible Powder like a good temper. Somehow too, this wicked world has a foolish way of thinking that a good woman, throughout, ought to be "gold, and that perfect gold." And for winning friends, and, taking the year round, for winning what, as you and I very well know, though we won't often own it, has far more influence with womankind, for winning masculine admiration, there is nothing like a brave, sensible, high-spirited girl *wearing her own complexion.*

ZIG.

The Great Pyramid.

At the ordinary meeting of the Royal Society at Edinburgh, held recently in the Royal Institution, Sir David Brewster presiding, Professor Piazzi Smyth, in compliance with the request of the Council, gave an account of the recent measurements of the great pyramid, and the deductions flowing therefrom. He began by stating that, with a view to clear up the mystery which surrounded the objects and origin of the great pyramid at Jeezeh, he spent four months there making observations and taking measurements. Having described the geological formation and appearance of the ground on which the pyramid is situated, and described the difference between the pyramid and the multitudinous tombs which surround it—namely, that there is an entire absence of hieroglyphic inscriptions on the latter—he gave a sufficient account of the numerous measurements he had made of all parts of the pyramid; and the conclusion he drew from the investigations was that they confirmed the hypothesis, which was the oldest Eastern tradition, and the youngest Western theory—namely, that the great pyramid was originally, whatever it was subsequently made into, intended for a standard of weights and measures, not so much for reference as for keeping these standards safe, thousands of years, through all the vicissitudes of nations. He then proceeded to show that the sides of the pyramids gave the standard of linear measure, not according to the Nilometer, as had been supposed by some, but according to the sacred cubit and the ancient Saxon standards. The coffer in what was known as the King's chamber, in the centre of the pyramid, was a standard of capacity and weight, and contained the same amount as the Hebrew chomer and the Saxon quarter. The central chamber gave the average of heat, and in the grand gallery he was led to look for the measurement of time. While contrasting the mean height of the gallery with that of the passages approaching it, he found that the height of the latter was about one-seventh of that of the former. It was in the chamber called the Queen's Chamber, which had been such a puzzle to the learned, that he found the most conclusive evidence in support of his theory. The room was seven-sided, and not only so, but one of the sides was pushed outwards about twenty-five inches, as if to indicate that while six days were ordinary days, the seventh was more noble and glorious. He concluded by some allusions to the astronomy of the pyramid, and speculations as to the date of its erection, which he placed at about 2180 B. C. He also directed special attention to the fact that the Egyptian measures and the measures of the great pyramid were radically different; and stated further that the observations with reference to its site seemed to have been taken from the Pleiades, rather than from those stars formerly supposed. Professor Kelland proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Piazzi Smyth for his very valuable address. Lord Neaves seconded the motion, and in the course of his remarks, observed that the learned Professor had procured most important data for future investigations into this subject. Previous to the ordinary business of the meeting, the President presented the Neill medal to Professor Ramsey.—*Scotsman.*

NOTHING TO SPARE.

What! hast thou *nought* to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "nought to spare."

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou might'st accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "nought to spare."
Bethink thee, ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So *much* He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

To Folks who Quarrel.

"The chest of drawers will stand beautiful under the window," said Tom Lavery. "Under the window!" repeated his wife—as pretty a little woman as you'd see in a day's walk, but with a cruel tongue that would give nineteen to the dozen any day, and not think it a trouble—"under the window," she said again, with a scornful curl on her lip, "it shall never go under the window while I have breath in my body; no, it shall stand fornenst the window, where it will be seen and admired; under the window indeed! I wonder you don't say the chimney!" "It shall go under the window, Moyna Lavery; it's too asy going I have been with you intirely. You are never satisfied, full or fasting, and think all the world must curtesy to you, it shall go under the window, and you'd better not dare hinder it." "I never shall," said Moyna, "I'll pitch the window into the street first." "And I'd pitch you after it for company," said Tom. On this Moyna raised a "wirristhrue" that you'd hear from this Bantry, and Tom's loud voice had more noise than sense in it—and Tom took the stick to his wife—and she screamed murder, and at the lucky minute the door opened, and there, sure enough, stood Father Barry, and, as became a holy and good man, he asked them what they were at and what they were after, and as Moyna had the nimblest tongue, she said "her husband was that Omathawn that he would have the chest of drawers under the window, which she would never give into, never! she'd lay her bones in the green churchyard first!" "But where's the chest of drawers?" said Father Barry—and may be the fool's look didn't come over both their faces. "The chest of drawers," said one. "Is it the chest of drawers?" said the other; "oh, sorra a chest of drawers we have at all—yet."

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

[From the Advanced Sheets of Bancroft's Ninth Volume of the History of the United States:]

After dismay and uncertain councils, Cornwallis, who had been prematurely crowned with the honors of victory, delayed his embarkation for Europe, and took command of the large forces collected at Princeton. At that hour, when the most urgent political and military reasons demanded the utmost energy and activity, that the British army might efface the catastrophe at Trenton, and reoccupy the posts on the Delaware by a force of unquestionable superiority, the sluggish Sir William Howe nestled lazily in his warm quarters at New York; and there he remained in comfortable indolence for nearly six months to come.

Very early on New-Year's morning, Robert Morris went from house to house in Philadelphia, rousing people from their beds to borrow money; and early in the day he sent Washington fifty thousand dollars, with the message: "Whatever I can do, shall be done for the good of the service; if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend upon my exertions either in a public or private capacity." To the President and to the Committee of Congress, Washington thus acknowledged the grant of unusual military power: "All my faculties shall be employed to advance those objects, and only those, which gave rise to this distinction. If my exertions should not be attended with success, I trust the failure will be imputed to the difficulties I have to combat, rather than to a want of zeal for my country and the closest attention to her interest." "Instead of thinking myself freed from all civil obligations by this mark of confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be laid aside when those liberties are firmly established. I shall instantly set about making the most necessary reforms in the army." This he wrote on New-Year's day, from Trenton, where he was attended by scarcely more than six hundred trusty men. He had timely knowledge that full seven thousand veteran troops, including the reserve, other English regiments, Donop's brigade of Hessian grenadiers and Waldecker's, a small battalion formed of the remnants of Rall's brigade, Köhler's battalion fresh from New York with its heavy artillery, eight hundred Highlanders, and a regiment of light dragoons, were moving against him. He had ample time to pass beyond the Delaware; but he would not abandon New Jersey, which he was set to redeem: he might have found safety by joining Cadwalader whose force of eighteen hundred men held the strong post of Crosswicks, or Mifflin who had returned from his recruiting mission and was at Bordentown with eighteen hundred volunteers; but such a retreat would have stifled the new life of the country. In the choice of measures, all full of peril, he resolved to concentrate his forces at Trenton, and await the enemy. Obedient to his call, they joined him in part on the first of January, in part, after a night-march, on the second; making collectively an army of forty-eight hundred or five thousand men; but of these three-fifths or more were merchants, mechanics, and farmers, ignorant of war, and just from their families and warm houses, who had rushed to arms in midwinter, inspired by hope and zeal to defy all perils and encounter battles by day and marches by night, with no bed but the frozen ground under the open sky.

Leaving three regiments and a company of cavalry at Princeton, were Donop had thrown up arrow-headed earthworks, Cornwallis on the second led the flower of the British army to encounter Washington. Donop advised him to march in two divisions, so as to hold the direct and the roundabout road between Princeton and Trenton; but he refused to separate his forces. The air was warm and moist, the road soft, so that their march was slow. They were delayed at Maidenhead by skirmishers. One brigade under Leslie remained at that place; while Cornwallis pressed forward with more than five thousand British and Hessians. At Five Mile run he fell upon Hand with his riflemen, who continued to dispute every step of his progress. At Shabbakong creek, the annoyance from troops secreted within the wood on the flanks of the road embarrassed him for two hours. On the hill less than a mile above Trenton, he was confronted by about six hundred musketeers and two skillfully managed field-pieces, supported by a detachment under Greene. This party, when attacked by the artillery of Cornwallis, withdrew in good order. Each side met with losses during the day; of the killed and wounded no trustworthy enumeration has been found. The British captured a faithless colonel of foreign birth, and probably some privates; the Americans took thirty prisoners.

At four in the afternoon, Washington, placing himself with the rear, conducted the retreat through the town, and passed the bridge over the Assanpink, beyond which the main body of his army stood in admirable array, silent in their ranks, protected by batteries. The enemy, as they pursued, were worried by musketry from houses and barns; their attempt to force the bridge was repulsed. Cornwallis next sought to turn the flanks of the Americans; but the fords of the Assanpink could not be crossed without a battle. The moment was critical. The defeat of Washington might have crushed independence; the overthrow of the British army would have raised all New Jersey in their rear, and have almost ended the war. Late as it was in the day, Simcoe advised at once to pass over the Assanpink to the right of "the rebels," and bring on a general action; and Sir William Erskine feared that if it were put off, Washington might get away before morning. But the sun was nearly down; the night threatened to be foggy and dark; the British troops were worn out with skirmishes and a long march over deep roads; the aspect of the American army was imposing. Cornwallis, unwilling to take any needless risk, sent messengers in all haste for the brigade at Maidenhead, and for two of the three regiments at Princeton, and put off the fight till the next morning. The British army, sleeping by their fires, bivouacked on the hill above Trenton, while their large pickets were pushed forward along the Assanpink, to keep a close watch on the army of Washington. Confident in their vigilance, the general officers, "who all did wilfully expect the silver-threaded morn," thought their day's work done, and took their repose.

Not so Washington; for him there could be no rest. From his retreat through the Jerseys, and his long halt in the first week of December at Trenton, he knew the by-ways leading out of the place, and the cross-cuts and roads as far as Brunswick. He first ascertained by an exploring party that the path to Princeton on the south side of the Assanpink was unguarded. He saw the need of avoiding a battle the next morning with Cornwallis; he also saw the need of avoiding it in a way to mark courage and hope. He knew that there were but few troops at Princeton; and he reasoned that Brunswick could have retained but a very small guard for its rich magazines. He therefore developed the plan which had existed in germ from the time of his deciding to re-enter New Jersey, and prepared to turn the left of Cornwallis, overwhelm the party at Princeton, and push on if possible to Brunswick, or, if there were danger of pursuit, to seek the high ground at Morristown. Soon after dark he ordered all the baggage of his army to be removed noiselessly to Burlington. To the council of officers whom he convened, he proposed the circuitous march to Princeton. Mercer forcibly pointed out the advantages of the proposal; Saint Clair liked it so well, that in the failing memory of old age he took it to have been his own; the adhesion of the council was unanimous.

Soon after midnight, sending word to Putnam to occupy Crosswicks, Washington began to move his troops in detachments by the roundabout road to Princeton. The wind veered to the northwest; the weather suddenly became cold; and the by-road, lately impracticable for artillery, was soon frozen hard. To conceal the movement, guards were left to replenish the American camp-fires. The night had as yet no light in the unmeasured firmament but the stars as they sparkled through the openings in the clouds; the fires of the British blazed round the hills on which they slumbered; the beaming fires of the Americans rose in a wall of flame along the Assanpink for more than half a mile, impervious to the eye, throwing a glare on the town, the rivulet, the tree-tops, the river, and the background. The drowsy British officer who had charge of the night-watch let the flames blaze up and subside under fresh heaps of fuel, and saw nothing and surmised nothing.

Arriving about sunrise in the southeast outskirts of Princeton, Washington and the main body of the army wheeled to the right by a back road to the colleges; while Mercer was detached towards the west with about three hundred and fifty men, to break down the bridge over Stony brook, on the main road to Trenton. Two English regiments were already on their march to join Cornwallis; the seventeenth with three companies of horse, under Mawhood, was more than a mile in advance of the fifty-fifth, and had already passed Stony brook. On discovering in his rear a small body of Americans, apparently not larger than his own, he recrossed the rivulet, and forming a junction with a part of the fifty-fifth and other detachments on their march, hazarded an engagement with Mercer. The parties were nearly equal in numbers; each had two pieces of artillery; but the English were fresh, while the Americans were weary from hunger and cold, the fatigues of the preceding day, their long night-march of eighteen miles, and the want of sleep. Both parties rushed toward the high ground that lay north of them, on the right of the Americans. A heavy discharge from the English artillery was returned by Neal from the American field-pieces. After a short but brisk cannonade, the Americans climbing over a fence to confront the British, were the first to use their guns; Mawhood's infantry returned the volley, and soon charged with their bayonets; the Americans, for the most part riflemen without bayonets, gave way, abandoning their cannon. Their gallant officers, loath to fly, were left in their rear, endeavoring to call back the fugitives. In this way fell Haslet, the brave colonel of the Delaware regiment; Neal, who had charge of the artillery; Fleming, the gallant leader of all that was left of the first Virginia regiment; and other officers of promise; Mercer himself, whose horse had been disabled under him, was wounded, knocked down, and then stabbed many times with the bayonet. Just then, Washington, who had turned at the sound of the cannon, came upon the ground by a movement which intercepted the main body of the British fifty-fifth regiment. The Pennsylvania militia, supported by two pieces of artillery, were the first to form their line. "With admirable coolness and address," Mawhood attempted to carry their battery; the way-worn novices began to waver; on the instant, Washington, from "his desire to animate his troops by example," rode into the very front of danger, and when within less than thirty yards of the British, he reined in his horse with its head towards them, as both parties were about to fire; seeming to tell his faltering forces that they must stand firm, or leave him to confront the enemy alone. The two sides gave a volley at the same moment; when the smoke cleared away, it was thought a miracle that Washington was untouched. By this time Hitchcock, for whom a raging hectic made this day nearly his last, came up with his brigade; and Hand's riflemen began to turn the left of the English; these, after repeated exertions of the greatest courage and discipline, retreated before they were wholly surrounded, and fled over fields and fences up Stony brook. The action, from the first conflict with Mercer, did not last more than twenty minutes. Washington on the battle-ground took Hitchcock by the hand, and, before his army, thanked him for his service.

Mawhood left on the ground two brass field-pieces, which, from want of horses, the Americans could not carry off. He was chased three or four miles, and many of his men were taken prisoners; the rest joined Leslie when his brigade came up from Maidenhead.

While the larger part of the army was engaged with the troops under Mawhood, the New England regiments of Stark, Poor, Patterson, Reed, and others, drove back the fifty-fifth, which, after a gallant resistance and some loss, retreated with the fortieth to the college. Pieces of artillery were brought up to play upon them; but to escape certain capture they fled in disorder across the fields into a back road towards Brunswick. Had there been cavalry to pursue, they might nearly all have been taken.

The British lost on that day about two hundred killed and wounded, and two hundred and thirty prisoners, of whom fourteen were British officers. The American loss was small, except of officers; but Mercer, who was mortally wounded, stood in merit next to Greene, and by his education, abilities, willing disposition, and love for his adopted country, was fitted for high trusts.

☞ The following is one of Josh Billings' sayings:—"A man's running for office puts me in mind of a dog that's lost,—he smells of everybody he meets, and wags himself all over."

☞ A man may have a great deal of manner and no manners.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by,
'Twas little either had to say,—
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things,—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? What hardship bear?
But with her,—ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd all life and joy,—
And full of blushful impudence.

She married!—well—a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share,—
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by—but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
My soul—I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool!—too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: *Lend no girl a book,*
Unless you read it afterward!

Musical Faculty of Birds.

Do the birds appreciate human music? do they even appreciate their own? I think it would be difficult to come to the conclusion that birds—singing birds, at least—are not musicians, in the sense of feeling not only what they execute, but feeling, moreover, the music executed by human voices and on human instruments. It is well known that the strains of singing birds are not so wholly an affair of nature that they cannot be modified or even altered by education. Bird-fanciers are well aware that there are three distinct schools, as one may call them, of canary-bird music—the German, the Belgian, and the English—and it is also a well-known fact that the singing of British goldfinches differs in certain particulars according as they are obtained from different neighborhoods. Perhaps, of all singing-birds, the most remarkable effect of education is seen in bullfinches. Naturally, these pretty birds have very harsh voices, in no way musical. How prettily they can be made to sing by education most of us know from experience. That education chiefly takes place in Germany, and the singing, or rather whistling, masters are shoemakers. It is a very laborious, or at any rate a very protracted affair, the imparting of a musical education to these bullfinches. Master Crispin, sitting on his stool plying awl and wax-end, whistles to his bird-recruits some little ditty. They begin to listen attentively very soon, and seldom fail, in the end, to learn their appointed lesson. I once had the honor of knowing a pair of bullfinches whose musical education had attained so high a degree of excellence that they were in the habit of singing in concert; not in unison, either—that is to say, the same notes—but a regularly-harmonized first and second. Their intonation was perfect; but, as is the case with all bird musicians, their time was occasionally weak. When I first made the acquaintance of these bullfinches, their musical education had long ceased; that is to say, they had long dismissed their music-master. Nevertheless they practised day by day their one piece (they knew but one), as all musicians proud of their art, and desirous to excel, ought to do. Some few turning points of difficulty there were in their one piece, as usually happens. It was amusing then, at first, and in the end somewhat tiresome, to hear how they would try back, go over the troublesome notes again, and strive to make them even. I do not know how these birds had been educated so as to teach them that most difficult specialty of the musician's art, harmony.

What are the Stones Saying?

Dr. Brugsch, treating of the vast and varied number of stone inscriptions found in Egyptian tombs, finds:

"The reason for the people dwelling during their lifetime in tents of mud, but erecting everlasting monuments for their corpses, is their firm conviction of the existence of another, an everlasting world to which this present one is merely the entrance-hall. While a general inscription on the walls of these tombs uniformly exhorts the living to praise the Deity, gladly to leave all earthly things behind when the parting moment arrives, and to pray for the dead, there are others upholding most characteristically the advantages and the high position possessed by the *literatus* in comparison with all other ranks and professions.

"Take the following inscription over a tomb at El Kalb, over four thousand years old: 'He loved his father, he honored his mother, he loved his brother, and never left his house with an angry heart. A man of high position was never preferred by him to an humbler man.' There are many traces even of that chivalrous deference to women which is always found in highly cultivated nations. The names of the husbands are more often omitted in the genealogical tablets than those of the 'Ladies of the House,' whose principal ornament, the stones record, was their 'love to their lords.' They are called in the inscriptions—not generally given to poetic phraseology—the beautiful palm, whose fruit was tender love, and the most glorious present accorded to the favorites of the gods is 'the esteem of men and the love of women.'"

☞ A Little Cloud.—It is the duty of each member of the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary to write an annual letter, stating whether she is married or single, how many children she has, and other particulars concerning her status and progress. A young lady of the class of 1861, has just written to the class secretary that she is not married, but she think she can see a little cloud that ariseth out of the sea of the future like a man's hand.

HOME VISIONS.

I have gone—I cannot always go, you know:
Best 'tis so—
Home across the distant ridges of the years
With my tears,
And the old house, standing still in the old ground,
There I found.

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace
Father's face;
And my mother, with her old accustomed air,
Sitting there;
Whilst beside them, brothers, sisters, true and good,
Silent stood.

Through the stillness swam the song of summer bird,
And there stirred
On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine; and its glow
Faded slow:
But, from all the loving lips I watched around,
Not a sound.

Then I went up-stairs, slow entering 'mid their glooms
All the rooms;
And I trod with softened step along the floors,
Opened doors:
But I never heard a voice or met a soul
In the whole.

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and fro
Long ago—
Of the eyes that through the casements used to peep
Out of sleep—
Of the feet that in these chambers used to run—
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
Blue and high—
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
Brown and hot—
Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide—
These abide.

But beyond the azure vaulting overhead
Are my dead.
Though their graves were dug apart in many lands,
Joining hands,
They have gathered, and are waiting till I come:
That is Home. A. N.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND OF INCHMALLOW.

John English, walking up from Normanford to Cliff Cottage on Thursday evening, was overtaken by Brackenridge. "Your purpose still holds good, I suppose, to go off to the island to-morrow?" said the latter after the usual greetings. "You could not have more favorable weather—mild and bright, and no frost."

"I have not forgotten my promise," said John, "and I certainly intend to keep it."

"I have arranged for a boat to be ready for you at half-past ten, as agreed on," said the chemist. "For myself, I am going from home to-morrow, and shall not be back for nearly a week."

A mild and genial morning was that of Friday, but less bright and sunny than the mornings of several preceding days had been, and John English's practised eye told him that a change of weather was impending. "It will hold fair till I get back," he said, as he scanned the clouds again; and then he set off at a rapid pace on his way to Finger Bay. The distance was only six miles and a half, and that was nothing of a walk to John English.

He had got beyond the toll-bar on the Eastringham road—beyond the toll-bar, but not quite so far as the lodge of Ashleigh Park, when he heard the approaching clatter of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He did not look round; but the sound ceased close at his elbow, and a voice that thrilled him, a voice that he loved to hear better than any other in the world, addressed him: "Mr. English, of all people in the world! Why have you been so long without coming to see us at Belair?"

John turned, and took the little hand so frankly proffered, and bared his head for a moment, as his long brown fingers closed softly over it.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I received a polite *congé* from Lady Spencelaugh several weeks ago?"

"I know nothing of the kind," replied Frederica; "neither can I in any way account for such treatment. Sir Philip had asked after you several times, and I was obliged to put him off with some vague excuse, being myself at a loss to understand why you had never come up to Belair since the last occasion on which you dined there."

"You cannot be more at a loss than I am, Miss Spencelaugh, to account for my sudden dismissal."

"It cannot be accounted for," said Frederica. "But Lady Spencelaugh is mistress of her own house, and has the privilege of doing as she likes in such cases. And so enough of an unpleasant topic. Will you take a commission from me, Mr. English?"

John signified how happy it would make him to do so.

"I want you to obtain for me a complete set of your Roman photographs," said Frederica. "By what day can you get them for me?"

"I shall have to write to London for them, and can hardly get them down before Tuesday."

"On Tuesday, then, I shall expect them. But do not send them up to the Hall, Mr. English; bring them yourself—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged. On Tuesday, between eleven and three, remember. And now I must bid you good-morning, for my way lies down here to Ashleigh Park."

"One word before you go," said John. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh—is he better than when I saw him last?"

Frederica's dark eyes turned on John with an almost tearful look. She shook her head sadly. "He is no better," she said. "He never leaves the house now. I dare not trust myself to say more. Adieu!"

John stood like one spell-bound till the last flutter of Frederica's veil was lost among the trees. He had seen her again, and she had smiled kindly on him; and he was to see her again the following week—so ran the joyous burden of his thoughts, as he went on his way through lane, and coppice, and solitary by-paths where no human being seemed to have been for years, till the ocean burst suddenly on his view; and there below him was Finger Bay, with a man pacing the beach, and a tiny boat moored to the rocks. John found a rude footway, by which he scrambled down to the shore; and on approaching, was surprised to find that the man he had seen was none other than Jerry Winch. "Brackenridge has surely never sent *him* to row me across to the island!" muttered John to himself.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said as he drew near. "What are you doing at this out-of-the-way spot?"

The lad took off his conical hat, and gave one of his sweeping old-fashioned bows. "Jerry is here to row the gentleman across to Inchmallow," he said.

"I was not aware that the art of rowing was among your accomplishments," said John.

"Jerry knows how to row," said the lad quietly. "He has been to Inchmallow often with people in summer-time to see the ruins. He could find his way there and back in the dark."

"In that case, we will start at once," said John as he led the way to the boat. He was fond of rowing, and the anticipated pleasure of a good pull had been one great inducement for making the excursion; stripping off his coat, he now took the stroke-oar, and having pulled out into deep water, Jerry set the boat's head for Inchmallow, which was only just visible this morning through the haze.

A long silent pull through the green water, swelling as gently just now as any summer sea, for there had been nearly a month of fine weather—silent, because Jerry was not talkative at the best of times, and in the presence of the great magician, which he believed John to be, it was not to be expected that he should speak except when spoken to; while John's thoughts were too bright and busy for him to care about conversation. Once or twice, while John rested on his oar for a moment, Jerry's hand wandered into the folds of his waistcoat, to feel whether the amulet, which Brackenridge had lent him as a safeguard against the machinations of the dread Katafango, was still safe. It hung by a ribbon round his neck; and the charm itself, whatever it might be, was stitched up with variegated silks in a piece of sealskin, which smelt strongly of spices and strange drugs. Armed with this potent safeguard, Jerry felt tolerably brave, and went through the duties of the occasion without falling into a state of nervous incapacity, which was what the chemist had dreaded more than anything else.

So, after a time, the mainland began to look dim and distant through the haze; and the little rocky island of Inchmallow rose pleasantly to view out of the green waste of waters. Jerry steered the boat into a little sheltered cove, and made it fast to a large boulder, and then John stepped ashore. Whatever might have been its state of cultivation at some far-distant time, the island was now wild and desolate enough to have suited the tastes of the most unsocial of hermits. It was only about a mile and a quarter in circumference, but the irregularities of its surface made it seem much larger. On three sides, it presented a jagged, irregular frontage of rocks to the sea, known to frequenters of the island as "The Shark's Teeth," and ranging from ten to fifty feet above high-water mark. These rocks were fringed with a thick growth of stunted shrubs and bushes, all with their heads turned inland from the rough wintry sea-wind. The ground inside this rocky barrier was thickly carpeted with long coarse grass, and dipped down towards a central hollow, sheltered, warm, where lay the ruins of the hermitage.

John English, standing on the fragment of a broken pillar, took in the features of the scene. Here and there, a portion of a wall was still standing; with one or two doorways, and part of a small circular tower, with a winding staircase inside, leading originally to a belfry, or, it might be, to a look-out across the sea; but beyond the arch of the chapel window, which had been spoken of by Brackenridge, and which, though small in size, was of exquisite design, there was nothing worthy of John's pencil. He had brought his materials with him, and he sat down at once on the broken pillar, and began to sketch the window. An hour later, with his pipe in his mouth, and his sketch-book under his arm, he wandered slowly back towards the shore. With the completion of his task, his thoughts had flown back to Frederica; and it was rather by instinct than by the exercise of any other faculty, that he retraced his way to the shingly cove where he had landed. The sea was at his feet: he brought himself back by an effort from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and looked around.

Jerry and the boat were gone!

But gone whither? John scrambled up on to a pinnacle of rock close by, and looked steadfastly around. There was nothing to be seen but the water in front of him, and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing grayer and denser as the day advanced; but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud: "Jerry! Jerry Winch! where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response. "The foolish fellow has grown tired with waiting, and has gone round to some other point of the island," muttered John to himself; and with that he set off to explore the little domain, bounding lightly from rock to rock, examining carefully every little indentation of the shore where it was possible for a boat to lurk, calling Jerry's name at intervals; and so, after a time, he found himself again at the point from which he had started, having gone completely round the island; and with that the conviction burst upon his mind that he had been purposely abandoned. Once more he called Jerry by name, louder than before. After a short space of breathless silence, there came a low fiendish "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" out of the mist; and then there was nothing but the dull plash of the waves on the shingle, and the straining beat of John's own heart.

He sat down on the shore, and buried his face in his hands, and his very soul seemed to sink down into a black abyss of despair, appalled by the thought of the terrible fate in store for him. Death by starvation and hunger—such was to be his doom. During the summer months, hardly a week passed without the island being visited by one or more pleasure-parties; but at that dead season of the year, no sane person would ever think of visiting so desolate a spot; and John knew enough of that dangerous coast to be aware that passing ships gave its hidden dangers as wide a berth as possible, and never, even in the fairest weather, ventured within hailing distance of Inchmallow. Whether his abandonment resulted from the working of some black tortuous thought in Jerry's own addled brain, or whether the simpleton had been incited to the evil deed by others, was a matter on which it were useless just then to speculate. John remembered with a pang of regret that he had not mentioned his intention of visiting Inchmallow to any one except Brackenridge, and the chemist had gone from home for several days. As for Mrs. Jakeway, she would doubtless grow uneasy after a time at her lodger's continued absence; but then, John had always been an unaccountable mortal, and had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days together, without giving his landlady any previous intimation of his intentions. Nay, even supposing that the old lady grew alarmed at his non-return, where, or of whom, was she to make inquiry about him? If she went to the police—what then? John was sufficiently acquainted with Jerry Winch's mental peculiarities to know that the simpleton could keep a secret, if it were to his interest to do so, with more than the cunning of a sane man. He could not help admitting that his chance of rescue was a very faint one. Months might pass away before Inchmallow were visited by a single soul; while a few days, ten or twelve at the outside, would put an end to all his troubles. This was not the first time he had borne hunger and privation; his frame was strong and hardy, and his constitution good; and he knew that he was better calculated than most people to stand such an ordeal, which, however, in the present case, meant nothing more than a prolongation of suffering, for even the strongest must succumb at last. And Frederica—would she ever know his fate? Yes; weeks, or it might be months hence, when his body was found, the news would spread, and would penetrate even within the guarded precincts of Belair; and she would learn then why he had never fulfilled her commission. She would feel sorry for him, of course; her gentle nature would not admit of anything less: simply sorry, and nothing more. While he?—But it were better not to let such thoughts carry him too far; so he arose at once, and broke away from his reverie, and started to make a careful exploration of his little domain. In less than a couple of hours, he had completely exhausted it, but had found nothing whatever in his search that would contribute in any way to support human life. Fortunately, his flask was full of sherry, and he had four hard biscuits in his pocket. An ounce of Cavendish tobacco, a meerschaum pipe, and a box of fusees, completed the list of his possessions. He was dressed in a suit of stout winter tweed, and a Glengarry bonnet; but had no overcoat, or other extra protection against the weather.

A careful examination of the ruins had shown him a small cavernous opening among the foundations of the crumbling tower. It was only about four feet in height, arched over with brickwork, and having a floor composed of dry sandy earth; and John thought himself fortunate in finding in its furthest corner a heap of dry bracken, which had been put there by some unknown person, for some unknown purpose, and which he at once appropriated for his bed; here, when the short winter-day had come to an end, and John had given up all hope of rescue till the morrow, he coiled himself up in the dark, like a wild beast in its lair, and went to sleep: his wandering life had given him this advantage, that he could go to sleep anywhere. He awoke about two o'clock—he read off the time on his watch by the light of a fusee—and crawled out of his den to consult the weather. Fog—everywhere fog; hiding earth, sea, and sky behind its dull, dank curtain. With a shiver, John crept back to bed; but sleep refused to come a second time, and he lay tossing with wide-open eyes till the tardy daylight, yellow and sickly, looked in upon him. Then he got up, and walked down to the shore.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

Fog, everywhere fog; not so thick as it had been in the middle of the night, but thicker than on the previous day, and shutting him in at a distance of forty or fifty yards as with an impenetrable wall. John English could not help a sinking of the heart when he looked around; his prospect of escape seemed to him, just then, even more remote than on the previous day. A pipe of Cavendish constituted his breakfast. He felt ravenously hungry, but he fought against the feeling, buckling the belt round his waist a little tighter, and determined to reserve his wine and biscuits till his need should be still greater. There was a broken fountain among the ruins from which a little streamlet still welled forth, as cold and pure as when, centuries ago, the monks first enshrined it in carven stone, and filled their pitchers with its limpid freshness; and it now served John both for drinking and washing purposes. It was no use, he thought, dawdling about all day, doing nothing, and letting the fog chill him to the marrow; so he set about a systematic course of pedestrian exercise, walking from one side of the island to the other at a quick pace, and then back; and this he did, with short intervals of rest, till night came on again. A mouthful of sherry, half a biscuit, a pipe of tobacco, and then to bed. He was thoroughly tired out, and slept soundly.

The third day: Sunday. No change in the weather. The fog still as heavy as before. This day was passed by John as the preceding one had been. Allowance of wine and biscuit as before. The influence of the day seemed to make itself felt even on that lonely isle; John felt more humble-minded and resigned to his fate than he had hitherto done.

The fourth day: Monday. No change, except that the fog seemed a little lighter than on the previous day. John kept up his exercise, but was obliged to rest longer and more frequently than before. He caught himself once or twice waking up from a sort of half-stupor as he walked, in which he had forgotten where he was, and had fancied himself going about his ordinary avocations at Normanford. That feeling of ravenous hunger which had tormented him so much previously, now came on at intervals only; but in its stead he was racked with strange pains, which caught him suddenly, and tortured him almost beyond endurance for a time, and then left him as unexpectedly as they had come.

John was awakened before daybreak on the morning of the fifth day by the loud thunder of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore of the little island. He crept out of his den, and stumbled his way down to the beach. The fog was still as thick as ever, and the morning was perfectly calm; but a heavy sea was rolling grandly in with the morning tide, and John knew at once there had been a great storm out on the Atlantic, perhaps a thousand miles away, of which these angry waves were the only traces that would reach so far. His hunger this morning was so extreme that he could not help giving way to it a little by indulging in a double allowance of wine and biscuit; but even with this assistance, he found himself considerably weaker than he had yet been, and could only get through about half the amount of exercise he had set himself to do. Once he fancied himself with Sir Philip Spencelaugh, walking in the great park of Belair; and when he shook off the hallucination, and came back to the reality of his position, he could not stifle the sob that burst from his heart. Sometimes he would murmur to himself, half aloud: "I shall die, and she will never know how truly I have loved her;" but beyond that he was silent. Nearly three hours of this day were devoted by him to writing down in his pocket-book an account of how he came to be left on the island; and after that, he gave a brief outline of his history from childhood; concluding with the narration, in as few words as possible, of what had happened to him, affecting his personal history, since his arrival at Normanford. He also gave the addresses of two friends who were to be written to, and who would see to the proper disposal of his remains. He sat for a long time when his task was done, musing sadly, on a sheltered seat he had found among the rocks on the beach; watching, with thoughts that were far away, the great green waves rolling in with a regularity that was grand from its very monotony. He felt now as though he had almost done with earth—as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musings the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights, sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

He sat thus till the afternoon began to darken, and then he rose and wandered slowly towards the ruins; but his cramps came on by the way, and he was obliged to sit down, and wait in silent agony till they left him. It seemed to him, to-day, that all the way as he walked back to the ruins he was followed by a ghostly monk—a monk in a black robe, and sandalled shoon, who walked behind him with bowed head, counting his beads; stopping when John stopped; starting again the instant that he started; never looking up, but going through his rosary slowly, bead by bead, and then beginning afresh. Although John knew that it was merely a delusion of his own weakened senses, he could not resist the shudder that ran through him whenever he glanced over his shoulder, and saw the dark weird figure following noiselessly behind—and such backward glances were very frequent; his head seemed to go round without any will of his own in the matter. He turned and confronted the figure, and it stood motionless with down-cast head, except that its fingers were still busy with its beads. He advanced towards it, and as he did so, it retreated, still keeping the same relative distance between them. He tried once or twice, by stopping suddenly, to catch the light pitpat of its footfall—if it had any; but the very instant that John stopped, it stopped, and was evidently not to be caught by so palpable a device. Half laughing, half shuddering at his own folly in being thus terrified by a mere spectral illusion, John quickened his pace; and a few minutes later he crept in at the door of his den, and flung himself on his bed of bracken with a sigh of relief. He looked up after a time, and the figure was there, sitting in the doorway, still busy with its beads. Although nearly dark by this time, he could see it plainly, by some inner light, as it seemed, that emanated from itself.

After a long silent stare, John said slowly between his set teeth: "I think I know how to exorcise you, my boy—at least for the present;" and with that he took up his flask, and drained off his last modicum of sherry, and then set to work to munch his last biscuit, keeping his eyes meanwhile turned steadfastly away from the spot where the figure was sitting. When he had eaten the last crumb, he turned his head to look for the figure. It was gone. With a laugh that seemed far more dreary than any tears would have done, he turned himself round on his bed, for he felt very weak and weary, and remembered nothing more.

Once again he awoke, some time towards the middle of the night, and this time with a strange sound in his ears—a loud shrill whistle repeated again and again in quick succession. He started up on his bed, and then, still doubting the accuracy of his senses, stumbled out into the open air. For the first time since his sojourn on the island, the night was comparatively light, for although the fog still hung low and heavy, the moon, no longer hidden by thick clouds, shone brightly through it, and transfused it into a silvery haze. Again that sound—loud, clear, and shrill. Surely it must emanate from some living being. John's heart beat thickly, and for a moment or two both eyes and limbs failed him, as he sank half fainting to the ground. A minute to recover himself somewhat, and then up and away, as fast as he could go, in the direction from which the sound came. He tried to shout, but could not; and so, breathing hard, and stumbling, and then stopping a moment to listen, he at length overtopped the little sand-ridge, and came down on the "shining levels" of the beach. What his first glance showed him there might well have been taken by him for another phantom of a weakened brain: a dark, hooded figure, less tall than the first one, with something pendent from its waist, which it lifted ever and anon to its lips, and blew shrilly, and then stopped, as if waiting for some answering signal. As John came into view, the figure waved its hand to him to advance; and then he saw a little boat moored close behind, and felt that he was saved; and a great throb of gratitude for his deliverance went up to Heaven. "Come!" said the figure, with another wave of its hand, as he drew nearer; "I am here to save you. Do not delay, or we shall miss the turn of the tide."

It was the voice of a woman that spoke, but it came with a muffled sound out of the gray hood, which left no feature visible by that dim light, and John failed to recognize it. Still like a man in a dream, John stepped into the boat, and seated himself on the cushioned seat indicated by his guide. The woman followed, and a vigorous push with the oar sent the boat from land. "In that basket at your feet you will find something to eat and drink; but after so long a fast, you must be cautious not to take too much."

A minute or two later, the isle of Inchmallow faded ghostlike in the mist.

The hooded woman pulled slowly and steadily, and the tide helped them on their way. "It must surely be a blissful dream," thought John, as he lay back with closed eyes on the cushions of the boat. Who was this woman, that had come so mysteriously to his rescue? He asked himself the question once or twice, but he had not sufficient energy left to be strongly curious even on that point: just then, he cared for little or nothing except the one great fact, that he was saved, and that he should see Frederica again. Soon the great cliffs of the mainland loomed dimly into view. "Let me at least know the name of my preserver," said John, as he stepped ashore in obedience to a gesture from his conductress.

"That you must never know," said the woman in gray; "and you cannot serve me better than by not attempting to learn it."

"Is there no other method left me of showing my gratitude?" asked John earnestly.

"Yes; one thing more you can do to oblige me; do not strive to punish the simpleton by whose foolish act you so nearly lost your life. Let him go in peace: he knew no better. And now, farewell. Behind yonder turn of the road, you will find a little country inn. Go there, and knock the people up; they will gladly take you in. There stay till you are strong enough to return home. Farewell."

She pushed off before he could say a word in reply; and presently the fog took her and the boat, and he saw them no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MUTE WITNESS.

Nearly a month had passed quietly away at the little station-house at Kingsthorpe, and nothing more had been seen or heard of Mr. Henri Duplessis, or of Madam his sister. Abel Garrod began to allude to them less frequently in his conversation—an omission by no means displeasing to his wife; for Abel had a habit of dwelling on one topic day after day, long after it was worn threadbare for conversational purposes, in a way that sometimes tried Jane's patience severely; and to any other person it would have seemed as if the little drama, one scene of which had been enacted under that humble room, had certainly come to an end, so far as the station-master and his wife were concerned, whatever other "business" might remain to be done by the more important personages of the play. Such, indeed, would have been the case, had Jane Garrod been a woman of ordinary calibre—glad to make a few shillings by the letting of her rooms; pleased at being able to oblige so fine a gentleman as Mr. Duplessis; and to have for an inmate of her house a lady of such distinguished manners, albeit of somewhat shabby appearance, as his sister—experiencing for a few days a sort of indolent gratification that the wearisome uniformity of her life had been so pleasantly broken; and then dismissing the whole subject to the recesses of a shallow memory, whence it would rarely be evoked again. But Jane Garrod was a woman of far different stamp—a woman of strong nerve; of an intense, silent, brooding temperament; not impressionable, or readily receptive of new ideas, but very tenacious of any idea which her mind had once thoroughly grasped.

There were several reasons why she should brood over this episode of Mr. Duplessis and his sister. In the first place, she thoroughly disliked the man: with rare intuitive perception, she seemed to see right through the smiling mask which he wore before the world, down into the twilight depths of his nature; and perhaps the view was not a reassuring one. Then, again, her dislike was deepened by the fact of his aspiring so persistently to the hand of the heiress of Belair; for all Jane's sympathies on that score went with handsome young Lord Blencowan, the Nimrod of the county, who did not, however, seem to take Frederica's refusal of him very much to heart. Other reasons there were why the subject was one not to be readily dismissed from her mind. From the moment when, with the assistance of the pocket-telescope, she had witnessed the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and Madame on the platform, she had become possessed by a suspicion which she had not mentioned to any one, a suspicion afterwards turned almost into a certainty, when she pieced together in her memory the many strange scraps of conversation which she had picked up, by accident as it were, while waiting upon her guests. So she went quietly about her household duties, pondering much, but speaking not at all of the things deepest in her thoughts; and thus matters progressed till a certain Sunday morning, three weeks after the departure of Madame, when Jane announced to her husband her intention of walking over to the church at Normonford, and attending service there. Normanford was about six miles from Kingsthorpe; and its church being the fashionable one of the neighborhood, was attended by the family from the Hall, and consequently by Mr. Duplessis.

Jane Garrod, from her seat in the second row of the gallery, could, by craning over a little, obtain a good back-view of Mr. Duplessis. Yes, there he sat, stood, knelt, according to the requirements of the service; consummately dressed; serious and devout in demeanor—but Madame his sister was certainly not by his side, neither could Jane see her among the company that quitted the church. What she did see was Mr. Duplessis whirled away in the Belair carriage, Sir Philip Spencelaugh being evidently well pleased to have him by his side; although there was nothing of pleasure discernible in the pale statuesque face of Frederica, gazing out with a far-away look in her eyes from the opposite corner.

That same Sunday evening, Jane's niece, Kitty, came down from the Hall to drink tea, and have a good gossip with her aunt, who had prepared for the occasion some tempting cakes of a kind the young waiting-woman was especially fond of, as a certain method of rendering her good-tempered and communicative. When tea was over, and Abel had gone to the station to look after his evening train, Kitty opened her budget of news. Jane allowed the chatterbox's tongue to run itself down in a florid description of certain articles of millinery which Miss Spencelaugh had received from town during the past week, before she attempted to turn the current of the girl's thoughts into the particular channel in which she wished them to run.

"Has Mr. Duplessis been up at the Hall as much as ever during the past three weeks?" asked Jane at the first sign of a lull.

"This week and last week he was up nearly every day, more or less; the week before that, we hardly saw anything of him."

"How was that? Was he away from home?"

"No, not away from home," said Kitty: "quite different from that, by his own account to Master, when they met together at the corner of the terrace, yesterday was a fortnight, and me within hearing behind the dairy-window all the time. I remember the day, because I broke a tea-cup out of the best set that very afternoon. Says Master to Mr. Duplessis: 'We've not seen you up at Belair for nearly a week. What have you been doing with yourself all this time?'"

To which Mr. Duplessis makes answer that he has been laid up at home ever since Tuesday with the tic something-or-other in his face; but that he is better now; and then they go off together to look at the big vine in the conservatory."

"Mr. Duplessis made no mention to Sir Philip of any lady, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Any lady! No. Why should he? He wouldn't care to talk much about any other lady than Miss Frederica, I guess; and she doesn't care twopence about him."

"Then she has not quite learned to love him yet?"

"No, nor never will, for all he's so handsome and smiling.—I don't think Mr. Duplessis ever mentions a word to her about love or marriage, but goes on trying to win her, as I call it, without letting her know that she is being won. It reminds me of the way my brother Dick used to catch sparrows, which, as everybody knows, are awful cunning birds. They would hop round the trap with their heads perked on one side, as if they knew all about it, but always getting nearer and nearer, till they grew so familiar with the danger as almost to despise it, but still resolute not to enter; till all at once, and before they knew what was the matter, they would find the trap dropped gently over them, and their last chance of escape gone. Now, for all the world, that's just like Mr. Duplessis and Miss Frederica."

"On the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of that week," said Jane to herself, when Kitty had come to a stand for want of breath, "Mr. Duplessis was not confined to his house by tic-douloureux, but was backward and forward here in attendance on Madame. He said, when he took her away, that he was going to take her on a visit to some friends. It is very evident that among those friends the people of Belair are not included. Where do those friends live, I wonder? and to what place has he taken her?"

It was on the night of this same Sunday that Jane Garrod first dreamed about Madame Maria. She thought that she was following her along a gloomy and tortuous road, that wound in and out among great desolate hills and thunder-riven cliffs, when suddenly the woman before her disappeared in a hidden gulf; and as Jane started back with a cry of horror, the face of Duplessis rose close before her own, the handsome features distorted with a grin of fiendish triumph, and the forehead dashed with a streak of blood. Jane awoke trembling with affright, and slept no more that night. On the Monday and Tuesday nights following, she had precisely the same dream; and other omens were not wanting. On the Monday morning, a wandering tinker called at the station-house, who ground and sharpened Jane's scissors; but when, in the afternoon, Jane wanted to make use of them, she found that they would not cut—an infallible sign that something had happened to somebody. Then, again on the third morning of her dream, as she was looking out of her bedroom window while dressing, she saw a black cat on the station-wall—a black cat of portentous size, which turned and bit its own tail three times, and then leaped down and disappeared. Neither Abel nor the lame porter saw this cat, nor was any such animal known to exist in the neighborhood.

If Jane Garrod had heard any one term her a superstitious woman, she would have scouted the imputation indignantly; but she had been brought up in a part of the country, and among people, where implicit credence was placed in dream-lore, in omens, and apparitions; and the influences of early training were not quite eradicated. Jane affected, even to herself, to attach no weight to the strange dream which she had dreamed three nights concurrently; but, in addition to the other omens spoken of above, it doubtless served to develope more rapidly a purpose which had been slowly ripening in her mind for some time; and so another uneventful week drew to a close.

On Saturday morning, Jane announced her intention of going over to Fairwood to make her usual monthly purchases of groceries and other household stores. Fairwood is eight miles from Kingsthorpe; and Jane's practice was to walk over early in the morning—for she was country-bred, and thought nothing of the distance; to spend the day in making her purchases, and in paying brief visits to sundry old friends, returning home with her goods in the carrier's cart late in the afternoon; and from this custom she did not intend to deviate in the present instance. She had not forgotten that the high-bodied gig in which Mr. Duplessis took his sister away from the station had struck her at the time as being the property of Luke Grayling, landlord of the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood. Now, Luke's wife and Jane Garrod had been school-girls together; and the latter rarely visited Fairwood without calling at the *Silver Lion*, where a hearty welcome always awaited her, and an invitation to whatever meal might be in progress at the time—and there generally was some meal in progress, call when you might, at the *Silver Lion*.

On this particular Saturday, Jane contrived to get through her shopping and visiting earlier than usual, so as to be in time for the three o'clock tea, in which Mrs. Grayling always indulged on market-days, as a meal that came in readily in the interval between the country business of the morning and the town custom of the evening. Mrs. Grayling greeted her old friend warmly, and the two were presently seated at the tea-table, gossiping over times past and present. Jane did not exactly see her way to bring round the conversation to the wished-for point; but a remark made by her hostess at length enabled her to lead up to it without subjecting herself to bring questioned on a topic respecting which she would just then much rather be silent.

"I suppose we shall have a grand wedding before long," said Mrs. Grayling, "between this Mr. Duplessis and the young lady at Belair?"

"That's more than I can say," replied Jane. "Have you ever seen Mr. Duplessis?"

"Only once, and that was a month ago, last Thursday," answered the landlady; "and a right nice-looking gentleman he is. He came early in the afternoon, and hired our new gig and the gray mare, and drove away in a style which showed that he knew how to handle the reins. I should most likely have asked him his name, for one doesn't like trusting one's best horse to a stranger, however fine he may be dressed; only our hostler's lad, who was in the stables at Belair before he came to the *Silver Lion*, knew him again in a moment, and says he to me: 'That's Mr. Duplessis of Lilac Lodge—him as is going to marry the rich Miss Spence-laugh.' So when I heard that, I just slipped on my best cap, and ran down into the yard—for Luke was out—to see that everything was right for him; and most polite and affable he were."

"He brought back the horse and gig all right, and without accident, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Bless you, yes. He got back the same night about seven o'clock. He came back the same as he went—alone. I thought he looked rather pale and excited-like; and I noticed that one of his gloves was split right across the back, and his hat damaged a little; and that his light overcoat, which, on his return, he wore buttoned close up about his neck, seemed on one side as if it had been dragged along a dirty road; but he accounted for all that naturally enough by saying that he had been out with some friends, one of whom had taken rather too much wine, and had afterwards got larking, and damaged the hats and coats of the others all round. He laughed heartily while he was telling me, and said something about bright eyes and a pretty cap, which made my color come so that I ran back into the house, leaving the hostler to settle with him; and I didn't see him again."

Jane Garrod sipped her tea, and pondered in silence for a minute or two over what she had just heard.

"But the strangest part of the story is yet to come," said Mrs. Grayling after a short pause, bending over the table, and speaking in a whisper. "I haven't spoken about it to a soul, though it has troubled my mind a good deal; even Luke doesn't know of it; and I wouldn't mention it to you, Jane Garrod, if I didn't know of old that you are a woman who can keep a secret."

Mrs. Grayling rose from her chair as she spoke, and having turned the key in the door, went to a cupboard in one corner of the room, and took from it a work-box, which she unlocked, and drawing something from a secret drawer, held up the article for Jane to look at.

"A woman's blood-stained handkerchief!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayling in a whisper; "marked in one corner with the name of 'Marie.' It was found by Tim the hostler under the seat of the gig, the day after Mr. Duplessis was here."

Jane felt all the color desert her cheeks as she gazed in silent horror at the handkerchief, knowing well whose property it had been.

"There is this fact to be borne in mind," said Mrs. Grayling after she had returned the handkerchief to its hiding place—"that the gig had been used, as one of a number of other conveyances, at a large picnic, the day before Mr. Duplessis hired it, and had not been thoroughly cleaned between times; and it's likely as not, I think, that the handkerchief belonged to one of the young ladies who were at the party; though how it came to be in that condition, of course I can't say. Anyhow, both Tim and I agreed to say nothing about it—that is, unless we heard of somebody being missing; for, you see, it might only get innocent folk into trouble, and turn out a mare's-nest after all; and altogether it's an unpleasant thing to have anything to do with. What's your opinion?"

"I think that you are right," said Jane; "but I would keep the handkerchief carefully by me: some day, when you least expect such a thing, it may be wanted at your hands."

The Kingsthorpe carrier that evening set down Jane Garrod as very poor company indeed: a sociable, neighborly gossip in his opinion, enlivened the dullness of the way wonderfully; but for once, even the vacuity of his own mind seemed pleasanter to him than the presence of that pale, gloomy, preoccupied woman, who responded to all his observations in monosyllables, and who looked, as he said to himself, "as if she had got a murder on her mind;" and he was not sorry when he set her down at her own door, and jogged on his way alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

JANE GARROD'S QUEST.

Abel Garrod was struck next day with the pale, anxious looks of his wife, and thought to himself that she was getting to talk less than ever, which was decidedly a pity, as tending, in his opinion, to make life duller than it need be. But, well or ill, Jane went to church twice that Sunday—not to the church at Normanford, but to the little church at Kingsthorpe, only half a mile away; thinking, perhaps, thereby to calm her thoughts, and tranquillize her mind. But, for once, the service took no hold on her, the words seeming to float far away above her head, as though addressed to quite other ears than hers. Do what she might, her thoughts would go back to that terrible token hidden away in the landlady's work-box at Fairwood; and whichever way she turned, she seemed to see before her Marie's pale, frightened face, as she had seen it in that last moment ere it passed from her sight for ever. Monday was spent by Jane in a silent inward struggle—the whole of the day, and far into the night; and Abel waking up some time in the dark hours, found his wife pacing to and fro in the bedroom, and heard her muttering strange words to herself.

"I can hold out no longer," she said; "I must go on with it. An invisible hand draws me forward, and I cannot resist. Oh! why was not this task given to another?"

Abel marvelled greatly, but being wise in his own dull way, asked no questions, and pretended to be asleep.

Any one going from Kingsthorpe to Fairwood has the choice of two roads by which to travel. The old road is straggling and tortuous, but tolerably level; and winds pleasantly along for a mile or two of the way, close to the high cliffs which shut out the sea on that part of the coast; by it, the distance between the two places is eleven miles and a half. The new road cuts straight across country, regardless of hill or dale; and although by no means so picturesque as the old road, has this great advantage over its rival, that it makes the distance to Fairwood but eight miles and a quarter, and has, in consequence, monopolized the whole of the traffic between the two places; for Fairwood is not touched by the railway. About half a mile before reaching Fairwood, the two roads, old and new, merge into one, and are here joined by the road from Berryhill and other inland towns; at which junction a toll-bar has been judiciously planted, with a thoughtful eye on the pockets of all, not being foot-passengers, who may choose to come or go by any of the three routes. To the garrulous graybeard who administered the office of collector at the toll-bar, went Jane Garrod on the afternoon of Tuesday. Jane's visit was made with a purpose; but she was too cautious to let the old man—with whom she had one of those state-of-the-weather acquaintanceships, common enough between people who live wide apart in country places—suspect anything of the kind. During the summer and autumn months, the old man had generally a store of mild ginger-beer in thick stone bottles, set out at his door for the delectation of thirsty wayfarers; and Jane, when she reached the gate this afternoon, bade the old man good-day, and then asked to be supplied with a bottle of the beverage in question; and sat down in the roomy porch, that she might rest herself, and discuss it with the amount of leisure requisite for its proper appreciation. The afternoon was close and warm for the time of the year, and Jane was really tired with her long walk.

"It's a long tramp, Mrs. Garrod, all the way from Kingsthorpe, at your time o' life—not that you be so very old either," said Matthew, as he drew the cork with a trembling hand.

"Ay, that it is," answered Jane; "and I never walk it without wishing I could afford to keep my carriage, and ride like a lady. It would be pleasant, now, to have Luke Grayling's gig on such a day as this. A nice trap to ride in—I daresay you know it?"

"Ay, I know the trap you mean well enow," said Matthew. "It has been through this gate more than once, or twice either."

"It's not much used, I think, except for picnics and pleasure-parties," said Jane.

"I dun know about that," said Matthew. "I seen it with a young couple in it going a-pleasuring, more than once; and then, again, I seen it t' other way. Why, no longer ago than last Thursday-night was a month, about half after six, a gent drav up in it all alone, and the moment I clapped eyes on it, I knew it was Luke Grayling's turn-out. 'And where be you sprung from?' sez I to myself. 'You came down th' owd road from Kingsthorpe, but I never seen you go that way this morning.' And then I settled that he must have gone round by Leavenworth, which would account for my not seeing him pass my way. While I was turning the matter over in my mind, the gent paid me the toll, and had got a fair start again, when he turned the horse's head round, and drav back. 'I've had a spill,' sez he to me, 'and got into the mud. I don't like going into Fairwood this figure; and if you can find me some soap and water, and a clothes-brush, and will hold my horse for five minutes, I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble.' Now, it isn't every day that I've the chance of earning half-a-crown in five minutes; so I nodded my head to him, and got him the soap and water; and then he got down from the gig, and I saw that his hands and face were all muddy, and his hat crushed, and his coat dirty into the bargain. So I minded the horse, while he titivated hisself up a bit; and he gave me the half-crown all right, and drav off; and I've never clapt eyes on him since."

"Some young spark, most likely, who didn't know how to drive properly," said Jane.

"Not so young, either," said the old man. "About forty, I should take him to be. A fine, handsome gent as ever I clapt eyes on; with long moustachers, and a dust-colored overcoat buttoned up to his throat. He seemed to me to look very white and ill: he had likely hurt hisself with falling out of the trap; though how he could fall out, I can't think. He asked me whether I had any brandy in the house; but I told him I had only ginger-beer, and wanted him to try a bottle; but he only laughed, and shook his head, and said it was no matter."

The old man had nothing more to tell; and bidding him good-day, Jane went on her way to Fairwood, from which place she booked herself by coach to Berryhill, and went home thence by rail.

She was up and doing next morning an hour before her usual time, so as to get through her household work as early as possible, anxiously considering meanwhile what her next step ought to be. Now that she had thoroughly made up her mind to go through with this matter, she was determined not to flinch from anything that it might lead to. She felt, indeed, as though she were being led on by a will other than, and superior to, her own. The one point of the case, as it then stood, on which her mind most persistently dwelt, embodied itself in the following proposition:

"Mr. Duplessis left Kingsthorpe, in company with his sister, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, taking the coast-road, probably as being more unfrequented than the other—a road which has no lanes or by-paths leading to anywhere, except to one or two solitary sheep-farms among the hills. He did not reach the toll-bar till half-past six, and then alone, and with evident traces of a struggle on his clothes and person. Allowing an hour and a half as ample time for the drive between the two places, how was Mr. Duplessis employed during the remainder of the time, and what had become of Madame in the interim?"

On the road itself, if anywhere, she must look for the further unravelment of the mystery, whose dread presence haunted her by day and night.

She set out as soon as the early dinner was over, outwardly as calm and impassive as ever, but trembling inwardly with vague fears, that grew in proportion with the vagueness of her search. For when she put the question steadily to herself: "What am I going to look for?" she could only reply: "I do not know, and I dare not guess; but I feel that I must go on till the end, even though I should never know peace of mind again."

The old round-about coast-road to Fairwood turned sharply off to the left about half a mile from Kingsthorpe Station, becoming all at once muddy and picturesque, and seeming as though it had left civilization miles behind it. Jane knew every inch of the way; when a girl, she had traversed it scores of times with her mother; knew it for three miles of its course as a road overshadowed with moss-grown trunks and interlacing boughs; shut in by high green banks, the chosen home of primrose and violet; knew it further on, where it came suddenly out of hiding, out on to the bare summits of the cliffs, open to every wind of heaven, with the unquiet sea fretting far below; knew it here for a road unfenced, and dangerous for strangers to traverse on dark nights, when to wander three yards from the beaten track would be sudden destruction to man or beast; knew it still further on, towards the end of its course, where it deserted the sea and the breezy sheep-walks, and shut itself in between decorous stone-walls, and parted with some of its mud and all its picturesqueness, and succeeded in mending its ways, and in becoming thoroughly dull and commonplace.

With slow steps and anxious eyes, Jane Garrod traversed this road as far as the first stone-wall, and then back again. "Nothing to-day, nothing to-day!" she muttered to herself with a sigh of relief as she turned wearily into the house.

She passed next day quietly within doors; but the day following that, a fever of unrest began to burn once more in her veins, and she felt that there was no peace for her till one more effort, at least, had been made to solve the dark mystery which seemed to have shut out for ever her old happy frame of mind. Again, with slow steps and anxious eyes, she traversed the old coach-road as far as the first stone-wall without discovering the slightest token such as she half-expected yet dreaded to find. When she had got about half-way on her return, she felt compelled to sit down and rest for a few minutes; anxiety of mind seemed of late to have weakened her bodily strength. She knew the point from which the finest view on the whole road could be obtained, and as she was now close to it, she made for it instinctively. It was the headland called Martell's Leap. It stood boldly out from the ordinary cliff line on that part of the coast, and was clothed at its summit with short fine grass, while its white scarred front had an almost perpendicular fall of more than two hundred feet to the boulder-strewn beach below. It was called "Martell's Leap," because, as the story ran, more than a century before, a certain Squire Martell rode his horse over the brink in a fit of madness, and was dashed to pieces at the foot. Jane sat down on the grass close to the edge of the cliff, and loosened her bonnet-strings, and rested her aching head in her hands, and closed her eyes, and went back in memory to the time—more than thirty years before—when she and her mother, coming from one of the lone moorland farms, used to ride in a clumsy country cart along that road to market, and never passed the headland without a shudder at the thought of the mad squire's terrible leap.

Jane's reverie was interrupted by the barking of a distant sheep-dog. She opened her eyes, and gazed out seaward, and drank in the full beauty of the scene. Far away, on the very verge of the horizon, there was a trailing pennon of smoke from some home-coming steamer; and nearer at hand, the sea-birds were wheeling and screaming; but no other sign of life on sea or shore. She had been gazing for a minute or two down the face of the cliff, in a vague, purposeless sort of way, when her wandering glance was caught by a pretty red flower, growing about half-way down; but broke suddenly away from that, attracted by something fluttering in the breeze—something twisted round a bramble a foot or two below where she was sitting; and as she looked, her eyes dilated, and her heart seemed to stand still, and she grasped the grass with both her hands, to keep herself from falling. What was it that she saw?

A fragment of a woman's dress!

As soon as she had recovered in some measure from the surprise of this discovery, she took off her bonnet and shawl, and stretching herself out at full length on the grass, drew her body half over the edge of the precipice; and reaching down with one hand, she succeeded, after several attempts, in grasping the fragment of silk, and in getting safely back again. Then she sat down, and rubbed the silk gently between her hands, and cried a while silently, and then she went sorrowfully home.

Her quest was ended; she had gone as far as she durst go; from that point, other and more competent hands must take up the clue which she so thankfully laid down, and work out the dark story to its end. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mercantile Life.

The London Times comments at some length upon the immense addition to the wear and tear of commercial life which the cable is likely to create. When merchants received one mail a day, they had the afternoon to themselves. When they received two, their whole day was gone, and when the telegraph came, their evenings went also. Now it may be fairly expected, considering the vast spaces traversed by the ocean cables, with the difference of time at the points of arrival and departure, their nights will go also. In this country, however, the change will be less severely felt than in England. There are few merchants in America who are not already working to their utmost capacity, or who could, if a thousand fortunes depended on it, take one hour more from sleep, or eating, or social intercourse. Where it is all going to end, and what kind of life the "merchant of the future" will lead, nobody knows, or pretends to know. From present appearances, it would seem as if the commerce of the world would pass into the hands of a few great houses; that all the small dealers would be converted into clerks on salaries, and everything be done by a few vast combinations conceived by half-a-dozen heads, the details being worked out by subordinates, possessing only a limited responsibility, and therefore suffering little from wear and tear.

Singular Cholera Phenomenon.

A few weeks since an English paper made a statement concerning a blue mist which was said to accompany the ravages of cholera. We see by the following paragraph that the same phenomenon has been observed in this country:

Some physicians in Nashville, Tenn., affirm that during the height of the cholera ravages in that city a misty blue vapor, hardly visible, without any perceptible smell, hung over the town, being densest in the filthy places. This phenomenon was not generally observed except by scientific gentlemen. This statement agrees with that of other cities, including Memphis, and is believed always present in all places scourged by this malady. Some time ago, at Memphis, a steamer's crew, being in perfect health, stopped eight hours near the lower part of the city, lying in the middle of a thin and almost invisible vapor. That same day three deck hands sickened and died with cholera, and four others were prostrated, but recovered.

A Haunted House.

A Waterville correspondent of the Boston Transcript tells the following curious story:

"Nearly opposite Hallowell, on the bank of the river, stands the famous haunted house of Chelsea. It is an old square building, and the very picture of desertion; the doors and windows being out, the out-houses in ruins, and the fences broken down. For quite a number of years attempts have been made to inhabit it, but annoyances by night and by day, of a mysterious character, have always driven away the occupants. A patrol stationed in every direction, and the examination of every nook and corner within during these disturbances, have failed to give any satisfactory clue to their origin. An interval of years, during which the building remained vacant, did not in any wise abate the evil. Though the owners offer a free rent, no one can be any longer found with the courage to accept it."

☞ It is not great wealth nor high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Coming to the Point.

During a recent divorce trial in one of our city courts, an eminent lawyer (Mr. Bray, by name,) catechised an opposing witness, a good-looking woman, pretty severely. At length the lawyer arrived at his reserve-questions, which were to lead to the grand coup, and bring his case to a brilliant culmination.

"You said your name was Smart, I believe?" queried Mr. Bray, blandly.

"I did, Mr. Bray; Seraphina Smart, if you please," replied the young woman.

"Now, Seraphina, were you not married to A. Man—*Abel* Man—in March of last year?"

"Married to A. *Man*, *Abel* Man, in *March*, of last year, did you say, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, madame; I said married to A. Man, in March, of last year?"

Putting on a thoughtful air, Seraphina answered,—

"No, Mr. Bray: I was *not* married to A. Man in *March* of *any* year."

"Singular," said the lawyer. "But about your child, madame, was it not born in January, of this year?"

"No, Mr. Bray," said Seraphina, in a reflective tone, "it was not born in *January*."

"Well, madame, were you not married to A. Man in *April*?"

"In *April*, did you say, Mr. Bray?"

"I said in *April*," was the sharp response.

Relapsing into reflective mood again, she responded,—

"No, Mr. Bray; I was not married to A. Man in *April*."

"Very strange—very strange, indeed; a mistake somewhere," growled Mr. Bray, looking over his notes and glancing angrily at the *Smart* witness. He continued, "I presume you will admit that you married A. Man, *Abel* Man, in *May* of last year, and that your child was born in *February* of this year, madame?"

"Married A. Man—*Abel* Man in *May*? My CHILD born in *February* following, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, madame; A. Man in May—a child in *February*"—spitefully.

A thoughtful interval on the part of Seraphina Smart, and then,—

"I did not marry A. Man in *May*, nor was my child born in the following *February*, Mr. Bray."

"You *did* not? It *was* not? Do you mean what you say, madame?"

"Just what I said, and exactly what I mean, Mr. Bray."

"Ha, hum, we shall see," muttered Mr. Bray, and then burst forth again:—

"Was your child born in the following *March*, then?"

"Born in *March*, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, in *March! March! March!*" bellowed Bray, with a furious thump of the fist at each repetition. Seraphina cast down her eyes meditatively and then very leisurely, in an abstracted sort of manner, answered,—

"No, Mr. Bray, it did not *March*, *March*, *March* into the world at that time."

"You seem to forget, Madame Smart, that you are now upon your Bible oath," retorted Bray, irritated beyond endurance by the negative nature of her responses.

"No, Mr. Bray, I do not forget my oath, although you seem to be trying very hard to make me think that it is of no account."

"You are like a parrot, Smart."

"And you like a donkey, Bray."

"Oh," rejoined the lawyer, sarcastically, "indeed!" He tried again:—

"One more question, Seraphina *Smart*. Since you were not married to A. Man—*Abel* Man, in *March*, nor in *April*, nor in *May*, will you be kind enough to tell me when you did marry A. Man?"

"*When I did* marry A. Man, *Abel* Man, Mr. Bray?"

"*Yes*, madame, when you *did*, madame!" thundered the indignant Bray, "and will you please also to inform the court, the counsel and the jury *when* your *child* was born?"

"Well, Mr. Bray," replied Seraphina, smoothing down the folds of her poplin skirt, while a merry gleam flashed from her blue eyes and illuminated her hitherto thoughtful countenance, "my answers shall be as plain as your questions are direct. It affords me much pleasure to say that my *child* is not yet born, and—which is perhaps less pleasant—that I was *never* married to A. Man, *Abel* Man, or any *other* man."

The court took a recess without delay.

☞ A Paris paper contains a notice of a curious object of art, a marble flute. There exist but two marble flutes in the world: one of which forms part of the collection of Prince Demidoff, and the one under notice, belonging to the celebrated violinist, Servais. They are both of modern manufacture, and were made by a marble-cutter of Carrara, who could never obtain more than these two specimens. This marble flute is exactly similar to those of ebony with silver keys, only the cylinder is more perfect, and the whiteness of the marble rivals that of the celebrated Parian marble. At the Clapisson Museum, in the Conservatory of Music, there are many curious specimens of flutes, in ivory, glass, metal, and also in clay and pottery.

☞ In the country west and northwest of Dayton, Ohio, the rats are said to be swarming, and apparently migrating southward, an indication of a severe winter. In many places they are so numerous that they have not only destroyed the corn, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes, but are climbing fruit trees and destroying the fruit.

☞ The Prussian military authorities cure itch by smearing the parts with a mixture of two parts of liquid storax, with one part of sweet oil. The cure is said to be complete in twenty-four hours.

☞ A keg of yeast exploded in an express office at Freeport, Ill., last week, hurling a forty pound bar of iron lying upon it through the ceiling above into a crate of crockery, to the great detriment of crockery ware. The express agent, who was standing near, was violently thrown over a pile of peach boxes and considerably injured.

☞ President Johnson has issued a proclamation recommending the observance of Thursday, November 29th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God.

☞ A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounded us with the assertion: "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

☞ "If there is anybody under the canopy of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.60 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

COLIC IN HORSES CURED.

The virtues of the PAIN KILLER are not alone confined to the use of the human race. It is used with equal success for Horses, either internally or externally; for Galls, Sores, or Sprains, nothing is better; and for Colic, it is considered by those who have had much experience, the only sure remedy.

Gents, This is to certify, that I have given the Pain Killer to horses, for Colic, and found it the best remedy I ever tried. It gives them ease quicker than any other remedy I ever used. I give for a dose half of a 25 cent bottle, put in a pint bottle of warm water, and drench them with it. I have always cured the worst cases without delay.

Yours, truly, JOHN PORTER,
oct13-2t Proprietor of Ripley Hotel, RIPLEY, O.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.
je16-6m

Rx IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with. oct13-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is little or no demand for export. Sales comprise 12,000 bbls, in lots, at prices ranging from $7,75@9 for superfine; $9@12 for extra; $12@13,50 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $13@16,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $6,50@6,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 6500 bus good to prime Penna red sold at $2,85@2,95; 8000 bus good to prime southern do. at $3@3,10; 500 bus No. 1 spring at $2,65 and small lots of white at $3,10@3,25 ₩ bus. Rye is selling at $1,20 ₩ bus. Corn—22,000 bus western mixed sold at $1,03@1,04, and 9000 bus prime yellow at from $1,04@1,07 ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of about 30,000 bus new southern at 57c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice. Small sales are making at $34,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 21@25c ₩ lb for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams, 19@19½c for pickled do, 15½@15¾ for salt Shoulders, and 18@19c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Butter—Small sales at 20@33c ₩ lb. Cheese is firm at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 19@21c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is less active. About 1300 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from 37@42c for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales of Quercitron are making at $35 ₩ ton for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Small sales are making at $5,35@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 80c, and choice at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—30,000 lbs sold at 8½@11c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 10@17c, and halves at 20c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Clover seed—Small sales are making at $6,50@8 ₩ bus for old and new; 300 bus of Timothy sold at $3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3,20@3,25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2,50@2,55 ₩ gal. Whiskey—400 bbls sold at $2,38@2,40 for Penna, and $2,43@2,44 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at from 12½@13c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at prices ranging from 60@65c for extra, 58@60 for fine, 55@59c for medium; 50@53c for coarse, 64@67c for tub washed, and 40@50c ₩ lb for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 240 Cows brought from $50 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—2200 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb. 2400 Hogs sold at from $14,00@14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ There was once a clergyman in New Hampshire noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson ——, the laziest man living, writes those interminable sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably goes to writing and he is too lazy to stop."

☞ "I'm not so strong as I used to be," as the onion remarked after it was boiled.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, at Friends' meeting house, Chester, Pa., GEORGE S. GARRETT, of Upper Darby, Del. county, Pa., to MARY W., daughter of the late Jesse J. Maris, of the former place.

On the 3d instant, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of the Mayor, THEODORE A. MERE to EDY R. SHERMAN, both of this city.

On the 4th of Oct., by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, EDGAR C. PROSSER to CARRIE M., daughter of John W. Rulon, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN ANDREWS to Miss MARY E. SQUIRE, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 28th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. THOMAS STREET to Miss MARY HAINS, both of Roxborough, Phila.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN S. BOWMAN to MIS. SARAH J. HUMPHREYS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, ROBERT RITCHIE, of Chester county, Pa., to ALICE WALKER, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, D. E. TRAINER to Miss OLLIE IRVINE, both of this city.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Stevens, ANDREW VERICK, Esq., of New York, to Miss MATTIE ROBBINS.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Hon. R. F. STOCKTON, formerly Commodore in the Navy, Governor of California, and Senator of the United States.

On the 5th instant, JACOB MILLER, in his 18th year.

On the 8th instant, Mr. HENRY W. COOPER, in his 45th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWAND, aged 66 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. HENRY LANDIS, in his 36th year.

On the 7th instant, ANNA M. HARNELL, in her 43d year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JOSEPH A. BARTON, aged 39 years.

On the 6th instant, ROBERT B. DOUGLAS, in his 31st year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of William Beideman, in her 43d year.

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

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Our new Illustrated Catalogue is now ready, giving a full description of all the late important improvements and additions to our Church Organs, Harmoniums, Parlor Organs, and Melodeons—These improvements render our instruments the most desirable made, and they are pronounced unequalled by leading organists.

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This mammoth Map shows 1,000,000 places, 800 railways, and 60,000 railway stations, 800,000 towns, cities, villages, post-offices, and ranches, and 20,000 stations on the Overland, Despatch, Mail, Telegraph, and Emigrant routes across the Plains and Rocky Mountains.

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WANAMAKER & BROWN,
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oct12-3m

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It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

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IOWA LANDS.—Parties requiring information about lands in Decatur, Chickasaw, Clinton, or Winneshiek counties, will please apply by letter to J. H. LYON, Leon, Decatur City, Iowa. oct13-2t

WANTED—A first-class Sheet Iron Roller, one acquainted with Hot and Cold rolling. To a good workman of steady habits permanent employment will be given. Apply immediately to PERKINS SHEET IRON CO., Providence, R. I. oct 13-3t

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This work sells itself. The people are tired of dry details and partisan works, and want something humorous, romantic, and startling. Our agents are making from $100 to $300 per month, clear of all expenses. Send for circulars, giving full particulars, and see our terms and proof of the above assertion. Address

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"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

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On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

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MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

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CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	at 12.40	A.M.
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COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
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¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 8.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

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Is located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

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ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity, is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr. Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious, ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Students instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

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jy21-3m 1642 North 13th St., Philadelphia.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

R. DOLLARD,
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CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-sowly

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BEST STRENGTHENING PLASTER IN THE WORLD.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS resolve and assuage pain by calling forth the acrid humors from parts internal to the skin and general circulation—thus, in many cases, positively evaporating the disease. JAMES LULL, M. D

There is nothing equal, in the way of a plaster, to the Porous Plaster of Mr. ALLCOCK. Everything is pleasant about them. They are the plaster of the day, and a fit type of our present advancement in science and art. In Asthma, Cough, Kidney Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, and local deep-seated pains, they afford permanent relief.

J. F. JOHNSON, M. D., on "Topical Remedies."

From a personal knowledge of these plasters, we can state that they are decidedly preferable to any other in use. Wherever relief is to be obtained by the use of a plaster, we should recommend them.

A. INGRAHAM, M. D., Editor *New York Mentor.*

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct6-2teow

BLACK AS A CROW,

a few years since, was many a splendid head that is now grey or grizzled. Why not restore to the yet unwrinkled brow its raven honors? Five minutes effects the splendid transformation. In less time than a rifleman would take to

Load and Fire

three times, the greyest head may be made darker than the

RAVEN'S WING.

No matter of what undesirable tint the hair or whiskers or beard may be, the change to a superb and perfectly natural black or brown is accomplished by one application of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

without staining the skin or injuring the filaments.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples, ☜

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free.

Address, REEVES & CO.,
sep1-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Stage Nonsense.

We were speaking to a friend the other day respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when he had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gestures, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, swords that rattle in the hilt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama.

Fancy this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude—

"Most gracious madam, on my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart.

To a creditor who would not pay:—

"Fraudulent knave! payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, thee will I sue, and thou shalt see thy impious name flaming the street on posters huge."

At dinner:—

"Now by my soul and my highest hopes, these beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, bring hither more beans!"

To your wife:—

"Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; else being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle, here—a button on that shirt—and see it instantly performed. Do it! Nor leave the task to me."

To your butcher:—

"Thou ensanguined destroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and mark you! let it be tenderer than love and sweeter than the babe's rare burden. I would dine to-day."

To a friend:—

"Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but hast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the *genus nicotiani?*" Or, "Most noble friend, wilt thou partake with me some strong libation? Thou lookest dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart."

Reply—"Oh, noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchanalian revels could ease the sorrow here! here! (Left breast struck several times.) Oh, what a fool and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune."

This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense.

Hints to Farmers.

What Hoes to Use.—In planting or hoeing corn, use the ordinary hoes in general use. Neither the India rubber hose nor cotton hose would be of any account in a corn-field; no more would one of Hoe's eight-cylinder presses.

How to Hold the Plough.—Don't try to hold it out at arm's length. You can't do it.

If you haven't a plough of your own, get out an attachment on your neighbor's who owes you. Any justice will tell you whether you can hold it or not.

How to Keep Corn.—The best place to keep corn is in a good corn-house, though some prefer to keep it in the *system*—in the juice. If they don't keep corn they keep corned.

Fences and Fencing.—Good fencing is essential on a farm. Get a good "fencing master" to learn you. You can't repair a worm fence by taking vermifuge. Neither can you cut good white-wash brushes out of brush fences.

To Make your Stables Warm in Winter.—Set fire to them.

To Drain Lands.—Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

To Make Stone Fence.—Equal parts of whiskey and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence; the more you lay of it the more it will "lay" you.

Easy Way to Draw Saw Logs.—Draw them on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to "draw" the largest kind of saw logs with ease.

Pork.—Packing thread is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the time varies. Hams that have got trichina can't be cured at all.

How is Mrs. Murphy?

A native of the Emerald Isle found his way into the Health Office, and addressing the clerk, asked—

"Is this the Health Office?"

Clerk—Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?

Emeralder—Yis. I would like you to tell me how Mrs. Murphy is getting on. The last time I heard from her she was suffering from the rheumatics.

Clerk—I cannot tell you anything about her health.

Emeralder—Bad cess to ye, thin, why do you purtind to kape a Health Office, if ya can give no information?

And without waiting for a reply he departed in high dudgeon.

Satisfied his Appetite with Soap.

A hungry Irishman, not long since, in London, mistaking a barber's shop for an eating-house, bolted in and begged to be served. The barber, supposing, from the length of his beard that he wished to be shaved, knocked up a basin of suds, and placing it before him, with a wash ball in it, went backward to get the razor. Pat, without waiting for grace, supped up the suds, and swallowed the wash ball, and, on the barber's returning with the razor, coolly observed, "There is no occasion for a knife, honey; your soup is very good, but your turnip was not quite boiled enough." So, paying his money, he bade the astonished barber adieu.

SHARP.—An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland."

"Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?"

The boy got the place.

HEAVY PREACHERS.—*Lady*—Mr. ——— is really a wretched preacher.

Husband—My dear, he is one of the most sound Orthodox preachers I know.

Lady—He may be very Orthodox, but he is very heavy.

Husband—Gold is heavy.

Lady—Yes, but gold is bright.

SEASONABLE LUXURY.

OLD GENT (disgusted).—"Here, waiter! Here's a—here's a—a—caterpillar in this chop!"
WAITER (flippantly).—"Yessir. About the time o' year for 'em just now, sir!"

SOUL SCULPTORS.

A thousand little sculptors
Are working day by day,
To carve, with tiny chisels,
A block of living clay.

Each little stroke is given
To beautify or mar;
One grace adds every sculptor,
Or leaves an ugly scar.

Mine is the clay that's fashioned—
Oh, watchful let me be!
For every *thought*, a sculptor,
Carves for eternity!

Singular Birds.

Some curious birds were encountered by Dr. Livingstone in his travels in southern Africa. One of them is called the "honey guide." Instinct seems to have taught it that all men, white or black, are fond of honey, and the instant one of them gets a glimpse of a man he hastens to greet him with an invitation to come to a beehive and take some honey. He flies in the proper direction and perches on a tree, and looks back to see if the man is following; then on to another and another, till the spot is reached. If the first invitation is not accepted, he follows with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bee's hives as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. It never deceives, but always leads the way to some hive. Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros. The grass is often so dense and tall that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard. For his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.

RIDING CIRCUS.—An individual by the name of M———, of the town of H———, state of Michigan, is well known to be not overstocked with brains. Some years since he connected himself with the Methodist church. He was very forward, and liked to tell his experience in class-meetings. On one of these occasions he said: "I have been seriously thinking, my friends, what duty calls me to do, and have finally decided to study for the ministry, and then *ride a circus.*" Charitable hearers supposed that he intended to "ride a *circuit*," but he is better fitted for the ring than the pulpit.

☞ A merchant having advertised his stock to be sold under prime cost, a neighbor observed that it was impossible, as he *had never paid a cent for it himself!*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SAVING POTATOES.

There is actually more knowledge and judgment needed in harvesting, housing and saving potatoes after being grown, than are required in the production of the crop. Probably quite one-fifth of the whole potato crop of the United States is lost in one way or another by want of care or knowledge, after all the expense of growing and harvesting. Besides, very few of our potatoes are very long kept in the best possible condition for either table service, feeding to stock, or planting.

These potato mistakes ought to be corrected, and the exercise of a fair share of the common sense that God has given us, and a trifle more care than we have been in the habit of giving our potatoes after raising them, will go a very great ways towards giving us such potatoes as we ought to eat and feed and plant.

We do not profess to know a great deal about the origin of two or three organic diseases to which our potatoes are liable, among them the odious "rot"—but from study, investigation and experiments ever since we first had potato rot among us, our own conclusion is absolute that that and more potato ailings come more from bad management, making the tubers that we plant diseased, than from any and all extraneous causes. Diseased breeders all the world over, vegetable as well as animal, beget of necessity diseased progeny. Potatoes are not an exception to the rule, and it is therefore highly important that we should cultivate our potatoes into the best condition of health, and take especial care to keep them so.

In the first place, the crop having been made, the important point is to dig at the proper time. The vines being dead is not always a sure guide as to this period, though a potato ought not to remain three days in the soil where it has grown, after its vine is fully ripened. It has nothing more to gain, and almost always deteriorates in quality. The potato shows its maturity the surest when the skin will not break or rub off under a smart rubbing with the hand. Dig them then, whether the vine be dead or still growing. As fast as dry, pick up and carry to the cart. Never allow them to lie for hours scattered along the ground, drying in the sun and wind. In a calm, cloudy day, they will take less hurt, but the less they are exposed to the air the better. Never wash potatoes, unless intended for immediate market or cooking. It injures their constitution.

It is best to house in some manner potatoes on the day they are dug. If placed in a cellar, it should be always a cool one—not many degrees above freezing at any time. The loss of potatoes by being kept too warm is immense every year. The best plan of cellar storage we believe is to place the potatoes in bins raised a few inches above the cellar bottom, so as to afford ventilation and protection from underneath damps; never allow the storage to be above two feet in depth, and shovel over the potatoes so much fresh, dry loam as will of itself sift down, filling all the chinks and covering the surface two or three inches. Don't stand back for the extra trouble. It will pay you three times over in well kept and better flavored potatoes, and five times again in the spring by using the loam bed blanket as a fertilizer.

We believe we have tested the out-door burying practice thoroughly, and for potatoes that are to be kept over until spring, believe it to be preferable to any other practice, though it certainly does involve a little extra labor. "For holing out," select a locality having perfect drainage, scoop out a circular earthen saucer, say four feet in diameter and eight to ten inches below the surface, lay around the outside a wreath or ring of clean, bright straw, to keep the potatoes in place. Then pile up a potato pyramid, having the surface smooth and uniform. Shovel first over the heap fine loam, clean and as free as possible from all decomposing vegetable matter; but—we are a little too fast. First, before shovelling on the earth, fix in place near the apex of the cone a ventilating tube, any old gutter pipe, or even a rolled up bark will answer; but a sole drain tile is much better. Have the outer end of the pipe pitch a little downwards, so that no water shall run in. Then cover from six to eight inches, according to climate, with earth, and over that at the approach of severe frost it will be well to add a layer of refuse straw, rough hay or any kind of dry litter as an additional protection. No matter how thick this covering is put on, it will do no harm. The ventilator will regulate all that.

Leave the pipe always open, except in the severest freezing weather, and through it all noxious sweats and exhalations not absorbed and neutralized by the earth covering will be carried out. No heap of potatoes put away in this manner ought to contain much more than about fifteen bushels, otherwise the interior tubers being smothered and wanting fresh air, will be liable to rot and communicate disease more or less to the entire heap.

All other root crops may be kept in capital condition in the same manner, and the soundest, brightest cabbages we ever saw were cut from the stumps in November, piled up and covered in that way, and came out the first week in May, not an unedible head among them.

LIMING LAND.

A very large number of farmers make very great mistakes in the application of lime to their land; and a great many scientific men go blundering in the dark in regard to the agricultural offices of lime. Several agricultural editors and three or four professed agricultural chemists have written lately of the application of lime, calling it a *manure*, a "fertilizer."

Now, if by calling lime by such names they intend us to understand that soils may be made more productive under proper conditions through the agency of lime, they are correct. But if they mean us to understand the terms manure and fertilizer literally, then they blind and lead us into error. Lime applied to the soil changes into so many conditions, assumes so many secondary shapes, and acts so strangely by times that thus far its mysterious performances, many of them, have blinded chemical savans quite as seriously as they would us in teaching that lime is literally a manure or fertilizer *per se*. Lime applied to any soil in any quantity and remaining *lime*, would no more promote fertility, or a better growth of plants, than an equal quantity of brick dust.

Here are some of the actual and evident offices of lime. Changing its condition and uniting with a form of potash, the allied powers become a powerful solvent of silica, promoting thereby a rapid growth of all the straws in grain, stalks in corn, broom corn and the canes, as well as the majority of the grasses. Hence its merit when applied to light, sandy soils. By fixing in a form palatable to plants the volatile properties of actual manures, it prevents them from flying up and off into the air, thereby giving to the growing crops a large per centum of suitable food that but for lime would become locally lost. By correcting and quickening the sour, sodden principles lying lazily inert in what we term exhausted, worn out soils, fermentation, which is in itself fertility, is set actively at work, supplying plant food from material before dormant and unavailable. Thus lime quickens and energizes the manurial properties lying dormant in the soil of over-worked or long used grain fields, mead pastures and meadows.

Lime is serviceable generally on all sandy, thin soils, and as well on hard packed, dry, loamy, and shale or slate lands, while on low, wet clays, it is of doubtful utility, and in the majority of cases positively injurious. Lime applied in the fall is in all instances more beneficial than spring applications; and in all snow regions, a bushel of lime sown over the surface in October or November, working under a snow blanket through the winter, is worth more than double a bushel applied in the spring after the disappearance of snow and frost.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Montana is doing bravely in the wheat line for a territory so young. More than *one hundred thousand* acres of very fine wheat have been grown there this year.

——A. F.,—"Subscriber" asks what kind of apples will keep best and longest. We don't know that. Col. Wm. Hemenway, of Framingham, Mass., ploughed under some apples four years ago, ploughed 'em out again this year and sent samples to the Massachusetts Ploughman man, as sound and fresh as the day they were buried. That's the keeping kind.

——A young alligator, two feet long, went out west from a New York cellar by the way of the daily press, got into the western weeklies and came home again to New York in just three weeks, an alligator *twenty two* feet long. That's ahead of Bayou Sara catfish and four year old Framingham apples.

——California gives us this year 3,000,000 lbs. of wool, pretty good wool, too. That's the estimate of quantity and quality.

——The tobacco crop of Connecticut exceeds that of any former year. Indiana raises the largest crop ever grown in that state. In several Pennsylvania counties the yield is prodigious, and everywhere the "weed" is particularly fine. More smoke and spitting, and internal revenue.

——Keep clear of glandered horses. Better kill the "hacks" at once. They cannot be cured, and alive are dangerous to man and beast. Glanders are contagious. Two or three fatal cases in humanity are among the late reports.

RECEIPTS.

CREOY SOUP.—Take five or six large carrots, either red or white; it depends on which color you wish the soup to be. If white, cut them in thin slices; if red, scrape and shave the exterior red only into very thin slices, peel an onion and slice, and a turnip, quarter of a pound of lean ham or bacon, some parsley, two bay leaves; put them into a stewpan with four ounces of butter, fry until a light yellow, then add the carrots, and one pint of water, stew until tender; mix two ounces of flour, and add five pints of stock, either veal or beef, season with salt, boil for quarter of an hour, and strain. No cream must be added. This soup ought to be red. Boiled rice or fried *croutons* may be served with it.

HARD BISCUIT.—Take tepid, soft water, and stir unbolted wheat meal into it until it is about as stiff as, or a little stiffer than common raised bread. Then mix it with the hands until the meal and water are evenly united. Roll it a little less than three-quarters of an inch in thickness, cut it out with a common cake cutter, and place in the oven.

SOFT BISCUIT.—Stir soft cold water and wheat meal together, making a batter a trifle thicker than for common griddle cakes. These are better baked in the cast iron bread pans. The pans should be heated before the cups are filled. Fill the cups full and place in the oven.

Neither of these varieties of unleavened bread need have any time or strength given to them in kneading or stirring, except for the purpose of mixing the ingredients evenly together. They both require a hot oven and need from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Either may be eaten with impunity when warm. They are good cold, or warmed over by dipping in cold water and placing in a hot oven. They are light, sweet and healthy. On every account they are far preferable to leavened bread. No person should be discouraged who, in making them, does not succeed well the first time. To make them *first-rate*, one wants to use great care and to have experience.

FRUMENTY.—To a quart of boiled wheat, put by degrees two quarts of new milk, breaking the jelly; then add four ounces of currants, picked clean and washed; stir them and boil till they are done. Beat the yolks of three eggs, with a little nutmeg and two or three spoonsful of milk, add this to the wheat and stir them together while over the fire; sweeten and serve cold in a deep dish. Some persons prefer taking it warm.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Peel and cut forty apples into slices, taking out the cores, and if for preserving, to every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of white sugar; but if for immediate use, half a pound of sugar will answer; put the whole into a preserving kettle, with half a spoonful of cinnamon (powdered) and the rind of a lemon chopped fine; set the kettle over a good fire, stirring it occasionally until boiling, when keep stirring until it becomes thick; it is done then. If for immediate use, take some out and put it in a basin until cold; but to keep any time, put it in jars and cover over with paper and tie down.

INDIAN DUMPLINGS TO EAT WITH PORK.—Take a quart of Indian meal, a tablespoonful of salt; scald the meal with boiling water, and when it is cold, wet your hand in cold water, then mix it up, and make it into cakes, with a little flour to keep them from sticking to the hands, then put them in the boiler with the pork and let them boil until done.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 6, 12, 15, 1, is a moveable dwelling.
My 4, 10, 19, 19, 2, 20, was a Grecian poetess.
My 4, 5, 22, 7, 8, 17, is a planet.
My 18, 14, 20, 8, 18, 12, is my brother's name.
My 19, 10, 15, 23, 2, 12, 20, 15, is a temple at Rome.
My 9, 5, 16, 21, 11, is a flower, the language of which is "Be patient."
My 19, 5, 19, 11, 8, 7, 21, is an Egyptian plant.
My 17, 5, 16, 10, 9, is a water nymph.
My 8, 5, 19, 16, 12, 8, is a small sword.
My 20, 9, 3, is a short poem.
My 20, 7, 3, 9, 7, 22, 11, is what we should do.
My 19, 10, 12, 5, 17, is a song of triumph.
My 13, is the twenty-second letter in the alphabet.
My whole is an agreeable companion and welcome visitor. MYRA.

Transposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole is an article used in every household. Curtail me twice and I become a heavenly body; now behead, and I am a resinous substance; again: unite and behead me twice and I become waggish; arrange and transpose, and I am a species of vermin; by the same process I am contracted into a half-circle; by transposition I also am converted into a wild animal; transpose again and you leave a mark; I may be shuffled up into a mass of worthless stuff; another shake and I am rendered cunning; still another and I become hasty and foolish. Even yet I may be made to undergo a great variety of changes; by due process transformed into—a domestic animal; a covering for the head; a two-wheeled vehicle; a constellation; money; victuals; and who knows what all? What am I? JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

Steelos, Ind.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in lamb, but not in sheep.
My 2nd is in cry, but not in weep.
My 3rd is in cricket, but not in ball.
My 4th is in Jonathan, but not in Saul.
My 5th is in hut, but not in hall.
My 6th is in crutch, but not in lame.
My whole is a boy's name. EFFIE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A girl exchanges cheeses for hens at the rate of 2 cheeses for 3 hens. The hens lay each ½ as many eggs as there are cheeses, the girl sells 9 eggs for as many cents as each hen has laid eggs, and received for all the eggs 72 cents. How many hens and eggs were there in all?
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The wheels of a cart are 4 feet in diameter; the diameter of the spindle on which they turn is 4 inches; now, if it requires 200 pounds power to draw the cart on level ground when both wheels are locked, what power will it require to draw it when the wheels are unlocked?
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is walking the rope at Niagara like the star (*) used in printing? Ans.—Because it is a nasty risk (*an asterisk*)

☞ Why is an omnibus strap like conscience? Ans.—Because it is an inward check to the outer man?

☞ Why is cowardice like a picture of a man or woman? Ans.—Because it is a poor trait.

☞ ANATOMICAL QUERY.—What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws? Ans.—A yard-stick.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Maj. Gen. Phil. Sheridan. CHARADE—A "sigh." DOUBLE REBUS—Mt. Hood, Oregon.—(Morocco—Thor—hoe—orang-ou-tang—okro—Docatoon.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, June 30th—The contents of tin before cut is 6 inches square, 1 inch thick; 1 inch square is cut from each corner. Box is 4 inches square and 1 inch thick. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, July 7th—First 2 numbers 30 and 42; second 2 numbers 6 and 10.—M. Stevens.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, July 14th—2.7473 feet. M. Stevens.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—Quadrant of 120°. M. Stevens.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of July 21st—$\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$. M. Stevens.

ERRATUM.—In M. Stevens's Problem in Post September 1st, the word last should be least.

SEA-BIRDS.—The question is often asked, Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm-cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles, or even farther off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly, they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

☞ To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.